THE New Republic

The Ascendancy of Richard Nixon

An Editorial

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THE DECLINE OF AMERICA

First of Two Articles by Hans J. Morgenthau

DECEMBER 9, 1957

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Washington Wire

"Here We Go Again"

THE PRESIDENT had suffered a mild chill. A statement would be issued later. So reporters trooped to the pack-jammed marble Senate caucus room to hear handle-bar eyebrowed Edward Teller, father of the H-bomb, testify to the Johnson committee. A volcanic, explosive man with a thick Budapest accent. . . . He pushed the sides of the flood-lit room back with his words: of *course* we would go to the moon, in no time at all; outer space?—probably: we'll be lucky if we don't find the Russians there first. It is later than you think. Hurry, hurry, hurry. It was frightening; it was inspiring. He pulled layers of neurotic US complacency off like a man peeling an onion.

Back at the news ticker. Still no White House announcement. The stock market began to falter. Ting, ting went the little bell; there would be a press conference in a few minutes. Then, just before three, came the UP flash garbled by the doctors and Ann Wheaton, White House news assistant: "Eisenhower has heart attack." Glances of shocked surmise. "Here we go again," said the man beside us.

At one end of Pennsylvania Avenue a physicist proclaiming Moscow is two years ahead of us, at the other end a sick President. For weeks Eisenhower has been under strain as revelations piled up, as people read the reports that he should have read; feeling hostile criticism for the first time in 67 years, told by family and doctors to relax, take it easy, get more recreation, and knowing — like Harding — the gloomy secret of his Administration. Who can help pitying him?

Will Ike Quit?

SHOULD Eisenhower resign? Yes. Will Eisenhower resign? No. At least not yet. That is our judgment.

Why won't the President quit if he is (and nobody doubts) a patriotic man? Well, there are still too many vested interests in keeping him there, for one thing. Eisenhower is largely cut off from reality; perhaps the best contact he has with the outside is his brother, Milton. The medical men who give him advice now are the ones who told him to run again: they confuse their duty to encourage a patient with their larger duty to think of the Nation.

Then come the White House palace guard. What would happen to Sherman Adams, for instance, under Nixon? He would have to go back into obscurity of a second-rate New Hampshire politician. For the President himself, well-meaning and optimistic, it will take longer for the rosy glow to fade; to face harsh facts and answer to himself the question why the Soviets overtook us. Will he get much help from the press? Hardly. The great monolithic one-party information machine would look pretty silly if after only a year its masters had to admit Adlai Stevenson's prophetic comments were right.

One Minute After Noon

THERE IS still another reason. Ambitious, ruthless, immensely talented Nixon (as we appraise him) has a vested interest in staying out of the Presidency for another year. We don't say this is a controlling factor. But it is there.

Under the great unread 22nd Amendment, which because it is in the Constitution nobody looks at except bemused high school classes, a man can run for the Presidency only once if he has already served two years in that office. There it is, black and white: "No person" who has acted as President "for more than two years of a term" shall thereafter be elected "more than once." If Nixon took office now he would have served three years by 1960. He could only hope for one term more—a lame duck President from the start.

The cut-off date for Nixon is one minute after the clock booms noon, January 20, 1959. We do not say this prompts him. But who can doubt that this precious clause reconciles him to a brief wait—that is, provided Eisenhower may be deftly persuaded to retire anyway? One minute after 12 noon a year from this January, under the restrictions of the sorriest amendment hung on the Constitution since Prohibition and the most vindictive in history, Nixon could take office and thereafter run twice, the difference between a possible 10 years in power and a skimpy six.

The View Ahead

IN THE UNHAPPY period now opening these points stand out. The trouble with the unfortunate President is not a heart attack, ileitis, a stroke. It's age and hardening arteries. Crucial White House decisions can't wait: they must be taken and will be taken; the public won't know who is taking them. Unlike the earlier periods of illness when Sherman Adams froze Nixon out, Nixon is in now; things won't ever be the same again—Nixon's long press conference right in the White House last week showed that. The GOP used Eisenhower to win the election, but he can't run again so he's squeezed dry; he will have no influence in picking his successor, who will be Nixon anyway. Finally, as the public realizes how it's been let down on defense in order to balance the budget, Eisenhower may become a liability.

White House strategy is to throw the budget at the Democratic Congress and tell them either to pay for larger defense costs by cutting down on favored civilian items such as farm aid, veterans' assistance, housing, public works and the like, or to take the responsibility (a) for a deficit and/or (b) for cutting back defense. We predict a deficit right now. In fact, the White House is offering a thinly veiled abdication of responsibility, and we shall get a period of Congressional government. Such periods in American history, alas, have never been notable for brilliant leadership.

Notes

THE SENATORS on Lyndon Johnson's investigating committee heard CIA head Allen Dulles tell them secretly that he had fully warned authorities of Moscow's technical strides; shocked Senators kept demanding why the Administration hadn't acted? Dulles only shrugged. . . .

T.R.B.

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NATO's Future

THE DECEMBER meeting of the Council of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization is still to be a meeting of heads of government and not of foreign and defense ministers. This fact is a gauge of general awareness of the crisis of confidence in which NATO finds itself. Our guess is that the President will attend. But whether he or Mr. Nixon heads the United States delegation, the crisis remains the same.

For the past seven-and-a-half years the US, with its advantage in nuclear destructive power, has guaranteed the security of Western Europe. But when the goddess of science began distributing her favors impartially between the US and the USSR, we ceased being able to guarantee anything. Our "position of strength," which means our position of superior military strength based upon a decisive advantage in nuclear weapons and in the means of their delivery against an enemy, is a thing of the past. The arrangements for the defense of the Free World that were based upon that "position of strength," among which NATO was the first and remains the most important, must be re-examined.

This situation ought not to have surprised us. As early as 1946 the present impasse was clearly described by the British military analyst B. H. Liddell Hart, in a postscript he wrote to a brilliant little book entitled *The Revolution in Warfare*. Over the years various American writers have expressed views similar to those of Liddell Hart, notably Walter Lippmann, Hanson Baldwin, and Bernard Brodie. And year after year, in testimony before the committees of Congress, military experts such as the Chief of Staff of the US Army and the Commandant of the Marine Corps have repeated the forecast. Finally, in one of his last great speeches as prime minister, Sir Winston Churchill laid it before the House of Commons and the world in 1955. What all these voices were saying was that a time would come when the physical and the military sciences on both sides of the Iron Curtain had reached a state of parity—and when Russian determination not to be second-class in anything likely to hinder the world revolution had begun to pay off in terms of production—when neither side could be significantly superior and the world military situation would be a nuclear stalemate.

That Americans have been slow to accept the reality of this prospect we owe to overconfidence fed by two powerful interest grounds. First, the lobby of the Air Force, specifically of the Strategic Air Command, which found it professionally impossible to accept the prospect that its day of primacy was doomed, and spoke strongly in opposition from a position reinforced by its magnificent achievements in meeting the contemporary need. Second, the businessmen's lobby that is the Eisenhower Administration's real constituency, for whose benefit the NEW LOOK defense philosophy of "more bang for a buck" was devised. But Sputniks, by supporting Russian claims of an effective intercontinental ballistic missile on top of other Russian technical achievements—including the hydrogen bomb, have

Correspondence

► *Kazin and John Jay Chapman*

WHAT Alfred Kazin has to say about American letters usually deserves respect. But years of research into all that John Jay Chapman ever wrote have led me to impressions opposite to most of Mr. Kazin's. He grants that Chapman's "gift for stirring up again the embers of

(Continued on page 30)

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finally awakened the American people to realities. It is an awakening that has been coming, though slowly, among our allies in NATO for some time.

Look at the problem through the eyes of our friends in Europe. The Russians did not disarm at the end of World War II, and for 12 years a massive Red Army, reinforced by a rapidly growing Air Force, has been standing on Western Europe's borders. At the outset it was all too easy to depend on the American guarantee of security against this Russian threat, because then the US was itself immune from attack and American A- and H-bombs were more than a match for Soviet conventional strength. So easy, in fact, that all our efforts to persuade our allies to sacrifice more for what was supposed to be a *collective* defense were met by the plea: "We can't afford it." Thus NATO's 1950 goals, which called for 50 divisions on the line and 40-odd more in ready reserve, were whittled until today not more than 15 divisions are immediately available to General Norstad. Nor did France hesitate to move practically her entire Army out of Europe to North Africa to fight Algerian rebels.

But what has made the defense problem critical (and new) is that Russian military power is now nuclear military power; and a little NATO atomic army is no more impressive against a big Russian atomic army than the little NATO conventional force was against Russia's big conventional masses. Moreover, Western Europeans are now asking whether SAC will really come to their rescue if its "retaliation" means counter-retaliation upon American cities? And do the Europeans really want us to retaliate "massively" when they expect Europe to be consumed if we do? This is NATO's military dilemma in a nutshell: *fading hope that we will, and paralyzing fear that we might, execute our pledge of retaliation.*

NATO's political problems are critical precisely because of this military crisis. The Eisenhower-Dulles foreign policy has vastly over-extended American guarantees of security, at the very moment when our ability to guarantee was waning. And each one of these extensions, whether to Korea and Formosa, or to collective arrangements such as SEATO (none of which has very much to add to our military strength in return) has been treated as though it were on all fours with NATO. Several of our NATO partners likewise have world interests, and those that do not are understandably reluctant to see NATO's security involved in conflicts that arise in distant corners of the world. From all these arise divergence of interests and views within NATO, to which the present Administration has responded essentially with: "Uncle Sam knows best."

So long as it lasted, our "position of strength" may have justified this attitude. We had taken on a tremendous burden of responsibility which we alone had the force to discharge. We could not then be expected to submit all our decisions to a NATO veto. But, it should not have surprised us when our NATO partners, under the protection of our guarantee to Western Europe, sometimes behaved as we would not have them do. If in the Suez War the British and French seemed to us to be behaving irresponsibly, shouldn't we remind ourselves that lack of real responsibility often begets irresponsible action?

But all these differences have become luxuries NATO can no longer afford. A year ago the Russians began threatening Western Europe with missile attacks, and the Soviets lately have been claiming that these attacks can be extended to the continental United States. We can, of course, return the favor, but mere ability to retaliate is no longer good enough.

The first requirement, if we are to achieve our national objective of keeping Europe's resources from being used against us, is that we set our own house in order—both in military and political terms. To meet the military requirements, as this journal has been arguing, we must abandon our now senseless reliance upon the "deterrence" of threatened nuclear retaliation and must devise means of defense that make sense because we *will* use them and the enemy *believes* that we will use them. Would we really launch the long-range bombers of the Strategic Air Command upon targets within Russia to defend Turkey? Would we really retaliate for a Russian occupation of West Berlin with conventional forces by initiating a thermonuclear war of mutual annihilation? Nobody, literally, believes that we would. Then it is time we stopped talking nonsense and did something about defending Turkey and Berlin and Northern Norway, and other exposed salients of the Free World *with forces that could be used against the kind of attacks we must expect.*

The course we advocate contains two essential elements. On the military side: recognize the disappearance of our nuclear advantage and enlist effective European support by ensuring that our NATO partners have all the weapons necessary to make them fully responsible members of a genuine coalition—in the shortest possible time. On the political side: recognize NATO's priority in our foreign policy. Make it possible for our NATO partners to assume the role of full partners which our former position of superiority denied them. Give them responsibility but insist they exercise it. This means that we abandon the now nearly empty position of guarantor and assume a role of *primus inter pares.*

The indicated military move is that we aid our principal NATO allies to acquire nuclear weapons, "strategic" and "tactical," as soon as possible. The British are getting them now, the French will have them before very long, probably others will follow, whatever we do. But the waste of the Free World's scientific and technical resources in forcing each nation to produce these weapons

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on its own is prodigal. The solution is to pool our A-bomb "secrets" and, if necessary, give them our bombs. But there must be a *quid pro quo*. We should be hastening their nuclear armament in order to reduce the probability that nuclear arms would be used. If we are to succeed in this, General Norstad's forces must make a more impressive showing in the face of the Russian mass nuclear Army that confronts him. But if we do succeed in this, there will still be a threat of sub-atomic aggression, of enemy actions carefully designed *not* to justify the risks and destruction of nuclear war, plus the ever-present threat that some domestic or border disturbance may get out of hand if we are unable to contain it without resort to nuclear weapons. For both these reasons—to provide him with a "tactical" nuclear force to deter "limited" nuclear attack, and to enable him to handle more limited contingencies without resort to nuclear weapons—General Norstad requires a much more substantial force than he has now, armed for both nuclear and conventional action. It may not be necessary to go back to the 50-division plan of 1950, but certainly we must abandon the notion that as NATO forces shrink in numbers they become effectively stronger merely by the addition of nuclear weapons. The enemy's nuclear forces are not shrinking.

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How widely do we extend this nuclear arming? We should not propose giving intermediate missiles and A-bombs to Turkey, Greece and Portugal, nor to any power that does not want them, such as Denmark. In the most difficult case, our suggestion is that we supply the Germans with the Army's Redstone missile, whose 200-mile plus range is sufficient for their immediate purposes, but let them improve it freely. In other words, we propose lifting the absurd restrictions on German military rocket research. We do not propose that we give the Germans the A-bomb at this time. (They have not yet asked for it; by the time they do the French may be willing to agree.) In all the countries, which are not to have their own nuclear weapons, the present US plan of stationing nuclear forces, including IRBM's, on their territory (if they agree) seems the course best to follow. There remain Britain, France, and Italy to be raised to full military partnership, to be given nuclear weapons and the responsibility for what is done with them.

On the political side, we do not propose federation forthwith. The Atlantic Community is not yet ready for that. But federation is not the only alternative to the present chaotic situation. There are many possible degrees of consultation and joint action of NATO countries. Mr. Dulles seems particularly anxious to avoid "mandatory" consultation, but this is just what is needed. Every NATO member confronted with a problem that affects NATO's security should be obligated to submit it to NATO for consideration and advice, provided there is time—naturally there must be provision for emergencies and for informing NATO of action already taken. But if the spirit is right these emergencies should be rare. Every NATO power should certainly have the right to raise questions regarding the actions of other powers for discussion within NATO. Mr. Dulles presumably rejects these proposals on the ground that our European allies might then interfere in our relations with Asian and Middle Eastern countries, and that we should somehow be made responsible for what France does in Algeria or what Britain does in Cyprus or Aden. But if NATO's potential strength is to be used to supplement our strength, and thus restore the Western "position of strength" to a more effective level, then collective defense must be bolstered by collective responsibility.

It is not unreasonable for our European allies to expect to be consulted the next time the Formosa conflict boils into crisis. Have no doubt about it, if our European allies acquire nuclear weapons, the Russians will be challenged to supply nuclear weapons to Red China, and the next time the Formosa crisis hits the headlines it is likely to be much more serious than it was the last time. (It's no good to say we must avoid this contingency by keeping nuclear weapons from our European partners, since they are getting them by their own efforts anyway.) It *is* unreasonable for the French to withdraw their Army from NATO for police work in North Africa without even consulting their partners in NATO, and for the partners to feel they have no right to protest or to be consulted on what the French choose to call a "domestic" issue. And as for "colonialism," if it is the rock upon which NATO is likely to founder, then it is not an issue on which we can afford indifference. We do not suggest that any of these problems will be rendered easier to solve, but only that if a determined effort is made to solve them jointly our actions and errors will not be so likely to weaken us just where we must be strongest—in the North Atlantic area which is the seat of the Free World's strength.

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We must either mobilize the resources of our European allies and build a solid bastion of mutual defense, at some sacrifice of comfort all around, or we must eventually retire into "fortress America" and start making ourselves over after the Russian image—leaving the Free World to dissolve into the Communist world. Between these two there can be no question of our choice. We have really no alternative but to overhaul NATO, to modernize its forces as required by the military revolution, and to give it the political coherence and responsibility the changed military situation demands. And the time to begin is now.

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Nixon's Ascendancy

MR. NIXON is very much on everyone's mind. And why not? Within the collective leadership which governs the country, he has emerged as the first among equals. He has disproved Bryce's dictum that the Vice President is *aut nullus aut Caesar*.

To this ascendancy, reputable members of the Washington press corps have responded as in a chorus: Behold, Nixon has matured! He sees, in the words of Stewart Alsop, "effective government, responsive to the realities of the world situation, as the best kind of politics in the long run." William H. Stringer of the *Christian Science Monitor* informs us that "the central fact about Mr. Nixon is that he is writing a pretty consistently 'liberal' political record all down the line these days."

The new Nixon, writes Arthur Krock,

> has ideas, is a realist in seeking and acknowledging the errors of his own regime. . . . From all appearances [he] is helping importantly to formulate . . . a new approach by the US in the cold war.

He has been "maturing successfully," says Walter Lippmann. He is "facing facts," says James Reston,

> seeking ideas on all aspects of foreign policy, arranging meetings within the Executive, probing for new concepts, and avoiding the accustomed habit of defending the policies he believes are clearly in need of revision.

The Wall Street Journal describes Mr. Nixon's no-quotation conference with 200 editorial writers in Oklahoma City on October 12 as "a virtuoso performance . . .

> for more than two hours the Vice President answered questions on a variety of subjects, and his answers were not perfunctory. Whether the question was about Little Rock or Sputnik, Mr. Nixon had at his fingertips an incredible array of background information, which moved one listener to remark: "he must have a punch-card memory." Few men in public life—if any—could have made such an impression on such a group of a man who knew exactly what he was talking about.

One is left with a feeling that some of our finest journalists simultaneously struggled with their better judgment, and came out on Nixon's side. Why is this so?

In part, we suggest, because Mr. Nixon's manners as well as his grasp of world problems *have* improved. In part too, it reflects growing despair over the vacuity of White House pronouncements and gratitude toward someone highly placed who acts as if he knows what needs to be done. In the absence of any immediate alternative to Mr. Eisenhower, how natural it is to turn to Mr. Nixon, more out of need and hope than out of positive affection.

But, too, the Vice President has given some grounds for hope, saying things which, by comparison with the statements or silences of other members of the Administration, seem sensible and courageous. To illustrate:

> The only war we want to launch is the war against poverty, disease, ignorance and fear wherever it exists.

Or,

> The uncommitted nations are not going to be frightened into alliances with the West by military power, nor can their allegiance be purchased by dollars.

Or,

> The aim of any legislation in these fields [labor legislation] must not be to weaken or destroy the unions but to give union members the tools they need to make all unions follow the practices which many unions follow today.

Or,

> [Aid to Poland] is a gamble worth taking.

Or,

> The aged, the unemployed, the sick, the less fortunate, must have the consideration and care worthy of the wealthiest nation on earth.

Or,

> Most of us here will live to see the day when American boys and girls shall sit, side by side, at any school—public or private—with no regard paid to the color of their skin.

Or,

> The newly developing countries of Asia and Africa . . . are in revolution, not a political revolt, but a world revolution of people's expectations—the assertion of their claim to a greater share of the world's goods.

What do we make of it all? Shall we be so mean as to deny the possibility that Nixon has in fact grown? We cannot do that, for the evidence is the other way. Shall we then take the other view and greet the Vice President as a statesman? That, too, we cannot do, for the new Nixon is too new. He needs wearing. We wait to learn how he uses his influence in the next Congress: will he actively and specifically identify himself in practice with the aims he has preached? How will he reconcile his loyalty to the business community with the needs of the nation? If his political fortunes seem to require tomorrow an Alger Hiss #2, whose will be the neck on which he steps? And as for the argument that Nixon can be trusted to make the right decisions *because* he is a good politician —that is, one who has a highly-developed sense of what the voting public wants—it would be more convincing to us if we believed that public opinion is always right.

We give the new Nixon his due, but it is a modest enough gift. And when we see the praise accorded him elsewhere, we reflect on how low the nation has fallen that this man should have risen as he has in the esteem of earnest men.

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The Superficial Aspect

What's Worth Respect?

"IN THE DARK backward and abysm of time," specifically in the year 1919, Professor Laffon and I came to a busy intersection in the heart of Toulouse, a city in southwestern France. I was wearing the uniform of the United States Army, but he was wearing an ordinary suit which was, to be truthful, a bit seedy—carefully pressed, but shiny at the elbows; his shoes had been resoled and his hat was not of that year's vintage.

As we crossed, the traffic cop glanced our way, then whirled to face us, snapped to attention and saluted. The Professor raised his hat and I returned the salute, somewhat bemused, for even a French traffic cop ought to know better than to salute three chevrons, all that I rated. So when we reached the other side I interrupted M. Laffon's discourse to ask, "Why did the man salute?"

"Oh, I suppose," said he carelessly, "he must have recognized me as a professor in the University."

I live in an American city that is the home of one famous university and houses several departments of another. A professor in either the Johns Hopkins or the University of Maryland draws a salary that is certainly twice, perhaps three times. what M. Laffon was paid. But the traffic cop doesn't salute when he crosses a Baltimore street.

That incident enabled me to understand what the melancholy savants are telling us these days, namely, that if we are to turn out scientists the way the Russians are turning them out, we must somehow do more than spend money, we must raise the prestige of learning. I was told that there is nothing in the police regulations of the city of Toulouse requiring a cop to salute a professor; but one who failed to do so would be regarded as *pas serieux,* that is, hardly a proper police officer because lacking in respect for the dignity of the city.

A salute is nothing, but the public opinion that compels a cop to salute when the regulations do not means a very great deal. M. Laffon, although he could not patronize an expensive tailor, was receiving for his labor a kind of compensation that no professor in Baltimore gets; and I am not quite certain which should be called the better-paid man.

But for the third time I mention that this form of compensation was not established by official regulation. It is simply recognition of the fact that a professor in any European university is there because he is the survivor of a series of tests so grueling that they laid out 90 percent of the starters; and such a survivor is bound to be a superior man.

For that matter a student in the University of Toulouse —the university, if you please, not the lower schools— is there, not because Papa is rolling in moola, or because his biceps, *brachii* and *femoris,* are prodigious, but because the young squirt himself has sweat blood to pass.

These considerations persuade me that the current moaning of the sad savants is not addressed to me. I am a member of that public whose disregard of educators is said to be a national scandal; but we relatively unlettered persons do not accord respect by earnest resolution, but only by compulsion. I respect learning because I have to, and if you convince me that Dr. Pangloss and learning are interchangeable terms, I shall have to respect Dr. Pangloss; but if I feel that Pangloss is a star-spangled jackass, I cannot compel myself to respect him.

When I observe that a specific college seems to be run by the athletic association, not by the faculty, it is my fixed and unalterable opinion that the faculty is not worth hell-room. When I read in educational journals that we must at all costs eliminate the competitive spirit from education, lest Simple Simon develop an inferiority complex by discovering Socrates is a better man, I consign those journals to the company of the faculty.

It is my belief that large numbers of the unlettered share with me the opinion that the education that is easily acquired is as disreputable as the woman of easy virtue. It may be antique and heretical opinion that only a minority of minds are in fact educable; but one reason for respecting genuine learning is the fact that it is extremely difficult to acquire.

ELEMENTARY education, to be sure, is essential to all who are above the level of half-wits; but the reason for being of an institution of higher learning is to implant, foster and develop a powerful sense of inferiority where inferiority exists. Many a man has acquired the basis of wisdom by being thrown out of college for mental incapacity; for he who has learned to take the word of wiser men is far indeed from being a fool.

I harbor no doubt that the low prestige of education in this repubic is, as they say, a national scandal. I agree that it would be better if the American public had more respect for education and educators, and I offer this prescription for the malaise. If the National Education Association wishes us to respect its members more— make us!

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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Texas Leagues and Indian Givers

TEXANS, suh, are outraged, again—only this time we're not quite sure whom to be mad at. Accustomed as we are to the ancient arts of the double-cross among our domestic politicians, we are now at a loss what to do about the old one-two just delivered to the state by Herbert Brownell, who left the government the next day, and Dwight Eisenhower, who, if he is still significantly present, will be leaving before we can get another bead on him.

You see, Governor Allan Shivers, back in 1952, flew to Chicago and conferred privately with Adlai Stevenson. Shortly he emerged, said "Anti-Texas Adlai" was against "the Texas Tidelands," and vowed he, as a loyal Texan (but not a loyal Democrat), would support Native-Son Ike. Native-Son Ike went to Houston and promised his fellow Texans that they, not the All-Powerful Federal Government, own "the submerged area extending three marine leagues seaward to the Gulf of Mexico."

Tidelands since then has been as sacred a theme in Texas history as "Who Will Go to San Antonio with Old Ben Milam?" and "Remember the Alamo." The major oil companies (Texans all) poured millions into the fight for states' rights and lower leasing and royalty costs. The daily newspapers let loose a pride-splitting cacophony of "Save the Tidelands" editorials. Democratic Attorney General Price Daniel joined Shivers and Eisenhower; together the Texas Trio carried the state for the Republicans.

Thereupon, on Nov. 7, 1957, the United States Government sued Texas for the tidelands between the three-mile and the three-league (10.5 mile) limits. Said an Administration spokesman: "The United States has always insisted that under international law, no state or nation can have a boundary farther out than the traditional three-mile limit." Said the government's brief: the Texas boundary does not extend "more than three geographic miles" from the shore.

For two weeks you could hear an exclamation point drop in the daily newspapers. Many of them didn't even carry the story the first day: they couldn't believe it. Five years of hard work over uncooperative typewriters, building this mind-paralyzing symbol, and poof? Impossible.

Demopublican Oveta Culp Hobby's *Houston Post* the next morning consisted of 46 pages, including the full text of the President's Sputnik speech, six pages of society, six of sports, six of classified, two of funnies, and one of stock quotations, plus the latest models of "motordom's masterpieces," but nowhere could the editors squeeze in that story from Washington. The next day the *Post* (front-paging a story headlined: "Praised by (Norman Vincent) Peale: President Reaffirms His Deep Faith in God") managed a story on its fortieth, that is, its last page, headlined, "Johnson Says Ike Backs Texas Tidelands Claim," in which Senator Johnson said Eisenhower had reassured him he still "believes" in the Texas claim but in which Johnson also (in the eighth paragraph of the *Post's* eight-paragraph story) said bitterly, "The people of Texas now know how much trust they can place in Republican promises."

The tidelands-lining *San Antonio Express* had no story the morning after the suit but the next day, on the 29th of 30 pages, carried a one-column, six-paragraph story, "Johnson Sees No Tidelands Justification." The *Beaumont Enterprise* of November 8 was, in a way, worse: Under two stories about Eisenhower's anti-Sputnik improvisations, the tidelands story was carried with the headline, "Traditional 3-Mile Offshore Boundary Asked for 5 States."

The *Dallas News,* which has berated Stevenson for his tidelands position since 1952, responded to the news with similar circumspection. Page one the morning of November 8 was filled with the word from Ike, and page seven continued the story, "President Delivers 'Chins-Up' Address." Back on the funny page, between Mark Trail and Smokey the Bear on one side and an ad for "Nature's Own Aid for Kidney-Bladder Conditions" on the other, was a seven-paragraph staff story, "Texas Faces New Tidelands Claim Defense Against US," in which the name Eisenhower did not occur. The next day the *News* headline writers, too, thought it more important (in terms of the news values for page 30 that morning) that "Johnson Says President's Tidal Position Unchanged" than that he had made a suggestion that Republican promises had been broken.

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It took the *Houston Chronicle* 10 days to find out about the suit. Then they played the *New York Times* think-piece with a banner that Ike had "turned his back" on Texas. But the *Chronicle* found it less advisable to criticize Eisenhower editorially. "Difficult to understand," it said of his turnabout. (The *Chronicle* has never found the oil industry's wishes difficult to understand: this same week it advocated an *increase* in the 27.5 percent oil depletion allowance.) The *News*, after a long silence, blamed the Justice Department. The *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* ignored Eisenhower's personal pledges and settled for a haymaker at judicial law making. Even after Daniel said Eisenhower would tell his attorneys to drop the suit or would be "turning his back on promises and obligations" and released a statement from Eisenhower supporting the bringing of the suit, the

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dailies, red-faced and red-handed, were silent on the point.

To share a Texan's incredulity at this negligent underplaying, one really must have been subjected to the dailies' surfeiting din on the subject for the last five years. The people know what Eisenhower promised precisely because the dailies have not let them forget. If the Republicans thought they still had a chance to carry Texas after Little Rock, they grimly wrote it off when Brownell filed the tidelands action. The moderating factor in the jubilation of Texas liberal Democrats, apart from the principles involved in each of these episodes, was expressed best by Mrs. R. D. Randolph, the national committeewoman, when she said, "Here come all those damn Dixiecrats back into the party."

Stripped down, the tidelands question is whether the states or the federal government will control leasing and receive the landowner's profits from oil drilling in the tidelands. Some $98 million in oil company royalty fees are being held in escrow for the winner. Magnolia says 100 companies have already spent $1 billion looking for oil in the Gulf of Mexico alone.

The Texas claim is based on its historic title out 10.5 miles. The government disputed the title before the Supreme Court in 1950, but the court ruled instead that the government has paramount rights (including oil rights) as a corollary of its "external sovereignty," apparently regardless of who owns the lands.

Texas is the only one of the 35 states added to the original 13 which was truly an independent nation before it joined the union. Immediately after the early Texans won their revolution from Mexico, the Congress of the new Republic passed an act extending its jurisdiction 10 and a half miles into the Gulf. State's lawyers argued to the court, with excellent evidence, that Texas retained the tidelands inside this limit as a condition of its annexation in 1845. US lawyers replied that Texas was subsequently admitted under an equal footing clause and that since other states don't have three-league tidelands, Texas does not. In effect the court held that the Texas property was negated by the federal sovereignty claim, although it did not rule on the question of title directly.

The oil companies favor state ownership because their profits are greater under state than federal leasing. Congressional liberals favor federal control because they believe the tidelands are part of the national domain and should contribute to the national well-being.

Congress passed a law awarding the tidelands to the coastal states in 1946, but President Truman quietly vetoed it. After the court decision Congress tried again, and Truman, speaking of "corruption," "robbery in broad daylight—and on a colossal scale," and the oil lobbies wanting "us to turn that vast treasure over to a handful of states, where the powerful private oil interests hope to exploit it to suit themselves," vetoed it again. Then came Eisenhower's promise. For the third time, in 1953, Congress passed a quitclaim bill. Brownell advocated specifying the 10.5 mile limit for Texas and Florida, leaving the other states with three miles. Then-Senator Daniel opposed this and says now it would have cost the votes of the other coastal states. The bill therefore gave the states their tidelands according to their "historic boundaries." Eisenhower signed it as he had said he would.

In 1954, 13 Senators opposed to state ownership asked Brownell where he stood, since the law had not set out specific boundaries. Ralph Yarborough, running for Governor against Shivers, accused the GOP of reneging on its promise by refusing to lease tidelands until the courts cleared up the law. Shivers accused the Senators of "openly joining Ralph Yarborough in attempting to agitate a challenge" to the Texas 10.5-mile claim.

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Four days before the runoff Yarborough said the 1953 bill was "weasel-worded" and "ineptly-drawn" and needed clarification by Congress or the courts. Texas had a good claim, he said, but "Shivers and his Republican friends didn't write the tidelands quitclaim bill that way." Enter, the next day, Senator Daniel. Speaking from his home town of Liberty, the bill's co-author said he was "shocked" that Yarborough would make such statements. "President Eisenhower, in a statement to me in the White House last month," said Daniel, "said that he and his Administration recognized that the bill restored our land within our historic boundaries, and that those were *ten and a half miles* from the shore in the Gulf of Mexico." There were, he said, three things the people of Texas could be sure about concerning the tidelands act:

> 1. The bill restores to Texas all lands within its full three-league (10.5 mile) boundary.
> 2. The bill would not have been enacted into law except for the election of President Eisenhower. . . .
> 3. The Eisenhower Administration will continue to support Texas and its public school fund in our right to the three-league boundary under the bill enacted by Congress.

So reassured, the voters re-elected Shivers by a narrow margin.

Last year, Senator Johnson, helping in the summertime campaign to wrest state party control from Shivers, charged that Brownell would sue Texas for the tidelands. Shivers, Brownell, and Mrs. Hobby had just had a secret *tete-à-tete* at the Governor's Woodville home. Shivers, apparently incensed, denied Johnson's charge, saying Brownell hadn't filed a suit against Texas, "and he does not intend to do so." Daniel, then fighting desperately to beat Yarborough for the governorship Shivers had quit, said nothing about the question and won by 3,000 votes out of more than a million cast. Shivers' bleats about Stevenson's "anti-Texas" position were heard

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around the clock, and Eisenhower carried Texas again.

Thus, Eisenhower's support of the Texas tidelands claim played a pivotal part in Texas elections in 1952, 1954 and 1956.

Last month word sifted down to Texas that the federal suit was about to be filed. Daniel wired Eisenhower saying such an action would violate "your own repeated statements." Eisenhower replied he still favored the Texas claim, but he added, "As you realize it is appropriate, of course, for the Supreme Court to consider and decide whether" the 1953 act affected it. He did not explain why the federal suit also was to allege, on his and the government's behalf, that the Texas boundary does not extend more than three miles out. Presumably he will have some Philadelphia lawyers down here to explain it pretty soon.

One morning this month Daniel went before the state legislature to try to get his hide out of the tanning factory. He made one unfortunate slip. "Mr. Brownell," he said—"Mr. Brownell told me two years ago not to worry—that a boundary suit against Texas would be a friendly affair and best for Texas, because Texas would win. . . ." The Governor went on to say that the suit was about as friendly as a game of Russian roulette, but he did not remind us that although Brownell warned him "two years ago"—about 1955—about the suit, he had not said a word in 1956 when Shivers was promising it would not be filed.

I tell you, us Texans is mighty put out, and *somebody* better own up right smart.

RONNIE DUGGER

Austin, Texas

The Decline of America

I. The Decline of American Power

by HANS J. MORGENTHAU

A YEAR AGO, I published in this journal two articles under the general title "The Decline and Fall of American Foreign Policy." While these articles were widely quoted, they were also objected to for their sweeping criticisms and their gloomy predictions. *Life* took me to task several times, and even this journal, in an editorial accompanying the first article, was careful not to identify itself with my position. Sometimes I had myself the uneasy feeling that I might have gone too far.

In rereading these articles now, what strikes me is not that their criticism was too sweeping, but that it was not sweeping enough. And if the predictions sounded then unreasonably gloomy, the facts then predicted have become familiar and dominant features of the international landscape. For certainly Arab mistrust and hostility have not been abated. The Soviet Union has expanded and strengthened its footholds in the Middle East and, as the recent Syrian crisis has shown, by its initiative and influence dominates the scene. The Atlantic Alliance has received a blow from which it has not recovered.

However, what concerned me then and what concerns me now is not primarily the quality of specific policies but the quality of the thought which goes into them. What shocked me a year ago in the conduct of American foreign policy was not so much incompetence in technical execution, and failure to marshal American power to the support of the professed and vital objectives of American foreign policy, as the revival of prejudices and misconceptions about foreign policy and the American position in the world, which one thought buried and forgotten long ago. And, finally and most importantly, the absence of consistent and informed Presidential leadership. What I then thought of as a crisis of American foreign policy appears to me now in the light of recent experience as a crisis of American power and of the American system of government itself.

What has happened to the United States? And how has the United States reacted to what has happened?

What has happened is stark and simple, and its significance is twofold. It has greatly diminished both the prestige and the material power of the United States.

The greatness of the United States, as seen by itself and by the world at large, has resided in four qualities: the freedom provided by its system of government, the equality of opportunity provided by its society, the standard of living provided by its economic system, and its technological excellence provided by the practical ingenuity of its people. The last of these qualities has in fact been impaired and, in the eyes of the world, destroyed. Objectively, in terms of America's own conception of

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its greatness, technological excellence is by no means the most important of these attributes. It would be much more damaging for its self-respect, for its own image of itself, for its place and mission in history, and for its future as a great nation if it had to admit to itself that its freedom and equality of opportunity had been impaired. History will judge us by the standards of individual and collective excellence for the sake of which this country has come into the world. If we maintain them, it will forgive us that we have not been the first to shoot a dog into outer space.

The real significance of the demonstration of American technological inferiority lies, first of all, in the very fact of that demonstration to the rest of the world. The prestige which the United States enjoys throughout the world, especially in Asia and Africa, derives primarily not from the qualities of political freedom and equality of opportunity to which it is committed and which it has in good measure achieved, but from its standard of living and its technological achievements which, in contrast to those other qualities, are visible, tangible, demonstrable, and seemingly attainable by all through imitation. Since the United States has failed to live up to its reputation for greatness in one field, its greatness in all fields is being doubted. The world, uncomfortably torn between admiration and resentment of American wealth and technology, is relieved in being able to scoff at the actual and proven technological inferiority of the United States.

If this were nothing but a matter of prestige, the United States could live down its temporary loss of face, secure as it is in the possession of the essentials of its greatness. However, the United States is not a hermit nation which can afford to cultivate its greatness in isolation, indifferent to today's judgment of the world and trusting to tomorrow's judgment of history. The US is a power among other powers, fatefully involved in the affairs of the globe where prestige is an indispensable ingredient of power. This is particularly so in the atomic age in which the peace of the world and the survival of civilization depend upon the reputation of the United States to be able to protect the weak and destroy the strong. It would matter little if actual ability were not commensurate with that reputation since, with its reputation intact, the United States is not likely to be called to the test of actual performance. On the other hand, the impairment of that reputation cannot but increase the temptation to put the United States to that test, and even if it should acquit itself successfully by destroying the enemy it would inevitably be destroyed in the process.

What the United States has lost in prestige it has lost in power. This loss is no less real for being intangible. Yet the ability of the Soviet Union to shoot relatively heavy satellites into outer space has also made manifest the drastic decline in the material military power of the United States. It has done so in two different respects. It has shown, first of all, that the Soviet Union possesses rockets usable for intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBM's), far surpassing in power the most powerful rockets at present at the disposal of the United States. In consequence, assuming the continuation of the present imbalance of technological ability, the Soviet Union will have operational ICBM's long before the United States will have them. Furthermore, these recent Russian achievements have called attention to the fact—of which the intelligence agencies of the government have been aware over a considerable period of time—that the Soviet Union is superior to the United States in the quality and quantity of atomic and conventional weapons, with the exception perhaps of medium bombers and the quantity of atomic bombs, that, in other words, the Soviet Union is superior to the United States in almost every department of warfare.

> WHEN WE HEARD spokesmen for the government propound the legal and moral platitudes which had passed for foreign policy in the interwar period, we thought that this was the way in which the government—as all governments must—tried to make the stark facts of foreign policy palatable to the people. They were—so it seemed to us—the tinsel in the show window making the merchandise on the counter attractive to the customer. We were mistaken. Those platitudes *are* the foreign policy of the United States. The counter is bare; that tinsel is all the store has to sell. Hence the alarm, the sadness, and the sorrow.
>
> —HANS J. MORGENTHAU
> *The New Republic,* December 10, 1956.

THE ADMINISTRATION RESPONSE

How has the government of the United States reacted to this shocking and most threatening reversal of fortunes? Its reaction comes under three heads: verbal, prestige, and military.

On the verbal level where information and education are called for, confusion has been the order of the day. Virtually all official pronouncements, the speeches of the Vice President are the most notable exception, have tended to reassure rather than alarm, to gloss over rather than inform, to mislead rather than educate. The all-important estimates of the amount of time by which the US has fallen behind range all the way from a few months (former Secretary of Defense Wilson) to five (Mr. Von Braun) and even ten years. The common denominator underlying most of these contradictory official statements is the tendency to minimize the mortal danger in which the US will soon find itself. For this official tendency to confuse and minimize the President has set the tone.

The President's remarks at his news conference of October 9 according to which the security of the United

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"Sky Is The Limit": Eisenhower, Macmillan and Bulganin, symbol of Soviet achievements, on cover of *Shankar's Weekly,* New Delhi, November 10

States had not been affected at all by what the Russians have done are irreconcilable with the speeches of November 7 and 13 which at least recognize the existence of a problem. The speech of November 7, in turn, is irreconcilable with the speech of November 13; for while the former recognized only the need for more emphasis on scientific education and organizational and technological improvements, finding the defenses of the US in general in excellent shape, the latter warned of a danger to be met by a limited national effort. The President's speech of November 7, in particular, contributed nothing to the education of the American people. It was inaccurate because of its tendentious selection of facts and outright misrepresentation and, more important, it was irrelevant even insofar as it was accurate because it dwelt upon American progress, comparing American weapons of today with those of times past, and failed to compare American with Russian progress and American with Russian weapons. The moderation of the second speech's warning was out of all proportion to the gravity of the predicament which the US must overcome through quick and drastic action.

On the level of technological prestige, the US has the task to demonstrate to the world not that it is at present superior or even equal to the Soviet Union—a task impossible of achievement—but that it has the determination and organizational ability to close the gap quickly and thoroughly. Unwilling to do the latter, the Administration has treated the world to a proliferation of rocket firings, meteor shootings, and preparation for satellite launchings, a kind of rocket pyrotechnics which has left the world unmoved because it is beside the point. Nobody doubts that the US is capable of firing objects into outer space. What the world knows the US is at present not capable of is to fire an object as heavy as the Russian satellites into outer space because the US does not have a rocket powerful enough for that purpose. What the world and, more particularly, the American people would like to know is when the US is likely to have such a rocket because if it is capable of shooting a heavy object into outer space it is also capable of shooting it at any point on the globe. No answer to this question, upon which the technological prestige of the US hinges, has been forthcoming; for in view of present policies, an honest answer would damage the prestige of the US still further rather than restore it.

On the level of military action, the Administration is concentrating upon two tasks: acceleration of all phases of the missiles program and, for the time being, concentration upon the intermediate ballistic missile (IRBM) to counter from European bases the threat of the Russian ICBM. Both policies are sound in terms of strategic design and objective and well-nigh inevitable in the circumstances, but fraught with enormous risks in execution. The danger that confronts the US consists in the virtual certainty that the Soviet Union will have an operational ICBM before the US has it. In order to meet that danger the military policy of the US must perform three tasks: it must shorten the time lag between the US and the Soviet Union to a minimum, maintain the defensive and retaliatory power of the US during this time lag, and restore the balance between the retaliatory power of the US and its conventional forces capable of fighting and winning local wars.

A CRASH PROGRAM?

The first task could best be performed by a crash program which would bend the total resources of the nation toward achieving an operational ICBM at the earliest possible moment. However, this solution, taken by itself, may not solve the military problem of the US at all; for it may call forth two dangers, in their ways as serious as the danger which it is intended to counter. On the one hand, the US is not likely, in view of the Russian head start, to close the technological gap before the Soviet Union has the operational ICBM. The US will then be exposed to the Russian ICBM without being able to retaliate in kind; for its sole weapon of retaliation will then be that fraction of the Strategic Air Force which happens to be in the air at the moment of attack with sufficient fuel to reach its targets. On the other hand, the concentration of the national effort upon a crash program would, at best, shift the resources now committed to the retaliatory power of the US to the ICBM, leaving the

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local defenses of the US as denuded as they are today. At worst, a considerable portion of the insufficient resources now committed to these local defenses might be deflected to the crash program, thus increasing the imbalance between retaliatory and local forces which has paralyzed the foreign policy of the US and threatened its security even before the first Russian satellite appeared in the sky. That danger would be enormously increased by the Russian ability to mount a local attack backed by the ICBM without having to fear American retaliation in kind.

NATO AND US SURVIVAL

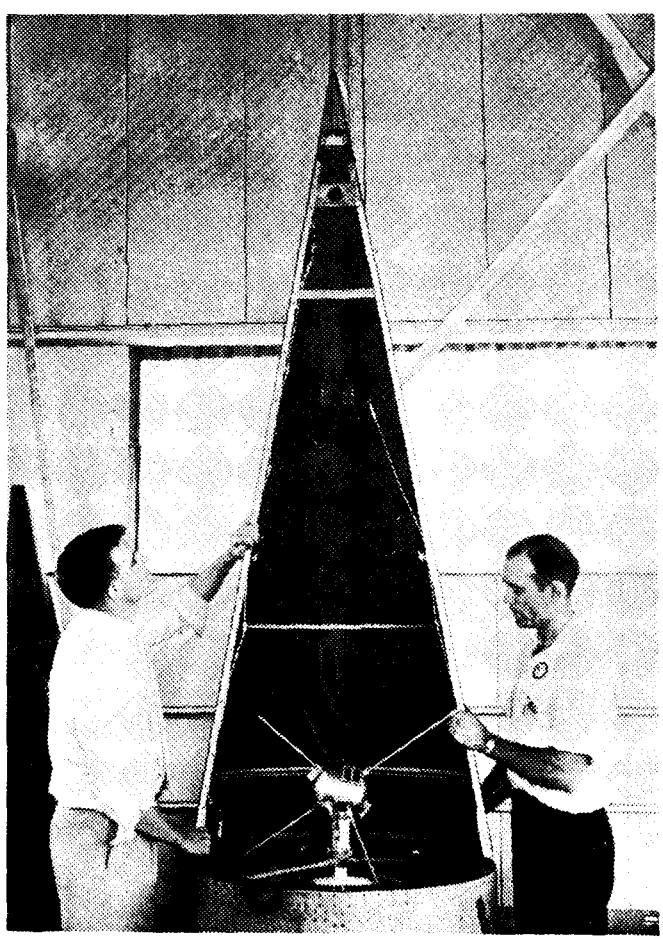
Faced with these dilemmas, the Administration has embarked upon the two-pronged policy of moderately accelerating the ICBM program and for the time being relying for retaliatory power upon the IRBM based in Europe, while, as it were, forgetting altogether about the local defenses of the US. The neglect of these defenses apart, dangerous enough in itself as Dr. Kissinger and Professor Osgood have pointed out in their respective books, we could live with this policy as the best we can have under the circumstances if one could be confident that our IRBM will be operational when the Russian ICBM is and that overseas bases will be automatically available in case of need. Neither assumption can be taken for granted.

It is, of course, impossible for the outsider to pass judgment on the state of the development of our IRBM as over against that of the Russian ICBM, especially in view of the obvious tendency of official statements to belittle Russian and magnify American progress. Not knowing and unable to rely upon official statements, one must doubt and can take nothing for granted.

What cannot be doubted, however, is the extreme political hazard in making the retaliatory power of the US dependent upon the availability of overseas bases. Overseas bases will be available only as long as the respective governments will find it in their interest to put them at the disposal of the US. For the period with which we are here concerned, the ability of the US to use the IRBM for retaliatory action against the Russian ICBM will depend upon the policies of its allies rather than its own strength and determination to use it. The US is being compelled to stake its ability to deter an attack through retaliatory power, which in view of the probable consequences of all-out war is tantamount to its ability to survive as a civilized society, upon the support of other nations which may or may not be willing to tie their own survival to that of the US. In these conditions, the Atlantic Alliance takes on a new and vital significance for the US. In the past it added important but not necessarily indispensable strength to that of the US; without it, our task would have been more difficult but not necessarily impossible. The Atlantic Alliance has now become an intrinsic element in our defense posture; without it, the US cannot be defended at all.

This is a most extraordinary predicament for a great nation to find itself in even under the best of circumstances. It must cause real alarm in view of the circumstances likely to prevail in the forseeable future. For while the need of the Atlantic Alliance in which the US stands is not only greater but really of a higher order of magnitude than it was before, the political cohesion of the Atlantic Alliance, and hence, its viability as an instrument of American policy, is lower than it ever was since the end of World War II. The US will soon find itself in the position of a man who formerly had two houses, his own and that of his friend, in which to take refuge; now his own house has become unsafe for he will soon be unable to use it as an effective base from which to threaten the house of his enemy, and his friends are less willing than ever before to let him use theirs for his purposes. It is this coincidence of increased need and decreased usefulness which, seen from the vantage point of the US, constitutes the crisis of the Atlantic Alliance and, through it, yet another facet of the decline of American power.

The Atlantic Alliance has reached the lowest point in



Nose cone of the 4-pound US test satellite is inspected by employees at Glenn Martin plant

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its history because the objective conditions to which it owed its existence and vitality have weakened or disappeared altogether. As the strength of America has made the Atlantic Alliance strong, so is the weakness of the latter in good measure a mere reflection of the decline of American power. This paradox which makes a weakened America more dependent upon a weakened Atlantic Alliance for whose weakness its own weakness is largely to blame, also indicates a remedy for the weakness of both: the restoration of American power.

THE RESTORATION OF POWER

The factor which has weakened the Atlantic Alliance more decisively than all the other political, economic, organizational, and personal factors with which the statesmen of NATO have been primarily concerned is the radical change in the military balance of power between the US and the Soviet Union that has occurred in recent years. In the years immediately following World War II, the atomic monopoly of the US provided the nations of Western Europe with absolute protection against Russian conquest. With the Soviet Union having become an atomic power of the first rank, the Atlantic Alliance is no longer for the nations of Western Europe solely a protection, but has also become a liability. The atomic stalemate threatens not only the two super-powers but also their allies with total destruction. Thus a malaise has spread through the nations of Western Europe which have come to feel that if they have a chance to survive in an atomic war it may lie in not being too closely identified, or perhaps not being identified at all, with the US.

Under these conditions, one can visualize only one contingency in which the Atlantic Alliance would operate with completely automatic reliability: a Russian attack upon one of the nations of Western Europe. To neither of the other possible contingencies, a Russian attack upon the continental US or a local Russian move outside Western Europe and the US, can one expect a similarly automatic response. This holds particularly true for the contingency which is most likely to call for military action in the immediate future: a local Russian move, outside Western Europe, which the US plans to counter by military action directed from Western Europe against the Soviet Union. Yet if the US cannot count upon the availability of foreign bases as though they were its own, it cannot respond to local Russian moves decisively or, at worst, cannot respond to them at all. More likely than not, the weakness and passivity which characterized American foreign policy on the occasions of the Suez crisis and the Hungarian revolution of a year ago, far from being an exceptional aberration, will provide the pattern for the future foreign policy of the US, to be carried on under drastically worsened military conditions.

When we discuss the prospects of the Atlantic Alliance, we tend to think exclusively of the actions of the governments of Western Europe. Yet we must also think of the attitude of the peoples. For the Atlantic Alliance to be an effective instrument of American policy, it is necessary not only that the governments act in accordance with the Alliance but also that the peoples follow the orders of their governments. This could not be taken for granted in World War II, when, for instance, in 1940 the Belgian railroad workers struck under Communist leadership at the moment of the German offensive, cutting the army in the field off from supplies and reinforcements. Could it be taken for granted in the future when Communist sabotage might be powerfully supported by the fear of instantaneous destruction to be avoided only by staying out of the conflict altogether?

Faced with these calamities, actual and prospective, the Administration appears unwilling to remedy that one calamity from which all others stem, the military weakness of the US, through a national effort commensurate with it and, hence, comparable to that following Pearl Harbor. Instead, the Administration is playing with a spectacular yet desperate expedient which is intended to tie the nations of Western Europe closer to the US by making them partners in atomic knowledge and weapons. This expedient would be unexceptionable if it were the natural outgrowth of an existing community of interests, the technical implementation of a functioning alliance. Yet it is intended as a substitute for a community of interests and a functioning alliance, neither of which, as we have seen, does and, in view of the actual and prospective distribution of military power, can at present exist. Since their interests do not make it imperative for the nations of Western Europe to use that atomic knowledge and these atomic weapons on behalf of the United States, on behalf of what interests and of what nations are they likely to use them if the chips are down? The answer to that question, suggested in the present and prospective distribution of military power, should give the Administration pause.

This picture of American power is indeed a grim one. The United States is no longer the most powerful nation on earth; nor is it even equal in actual and prospective military power to the Soviet Union. It could indeed become again what it once was, but only if it answers yet another question and heeds the answer: What has brought us to this predicament, diminishing our greatness and impairing the military ramparts without which not only the greatness but the very existence of America will become a recollection of history? We shall examine this question next week. Yet let it be said right away that the answer is to be sought not in lack of money, unsound organization, or deficiencies in scientific training—however serious these faults may be in themselves—but in the decline of the American government, of its philosophy and operations, of the very conception of what government means in a democracy.

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CHRISTMAS LITERARY REVIEW

A Few Ways of Pulling Apart a Poem

by Reed Whittemore

JUNE comes, the end of a kind of year,
And the thought of starting again with a new set of points
And a full tank of whatever it is that makes
Our own cranky old crate rattle on toward the scrapheap—
This seedy thought
Hobbles our way on its endless circuit, bearing
Its regular summer line of beaches, parks,
Mountains, canyons and islands with and without
Bath.
We are charmed.
We read the brochures.
At all the resorts the proprietors pretty their cabins,
Fatten their calves and rates, and look to the weather,
God and the Chamber of Commerce to send them
A better season than last, and to make us
Quiet tenants who don't drink.
Makers of boats and mosquito repellent,
Owners of drive-ins and fruitstands,
These persons too await us, as do
Jellyfish, horseflies and oilers of highways, all
Biding their time as we with our children,
Luggage, golf clubs and travellers checks
Turn off the juice, lock doors and fussily set forth
On what will no doubt turn out to be like the last
Several brochure summers, which we remember
Now were delightful but couldn't, we're sure,
Possibly match the one we're about to endure.

A POEM of my own. I put it here because I propose to use it as a whipping post while I discuss high matters. It isn't a bad poem if I may say so, but it isn't good either. I struggle to describe its defects, and I find words from several different vocabularies uncomfortably jostling each other to be spoken. I hope to get beyond the jostling, but may not. If not, I find solace in the hope that the jostling itself may be instructive.

My first vocabulary may be loosely described as belonging to Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren. I call it theirs since those gentlemen can hardly suffer any more from loose use than they already have. I was bred up with a copy of their celebrated textbook *Understanding Poetry* on my bedside table; hence my first and frequently least valuable thoughts about any literary work are apt to be connected with such words as "totality" and "intention." In the poem above I think I perceive that I have failed to carry out my original intentions with the poem. I arrive at this profundity easily by noting that the poem is one I have been trying for some time without success to expand or

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elaborate upon. As I see it the poem should be at least twice its present size. I should have a second narrator who would come in just as the present speaker leaves off and deny some of the latter's clever but intemperate slurs upon the unfortunate "we" of the poem; by so doing this new character would undermine the present easy indulgence of the "we," the facile dismissal of anything but mauve ironies from "we's" repertoire. I would then have a pleasant dialogue going between two opposed points of view and in the stress and strain and, yes, tension existing between them the totality or complex that I apparently originally envisioned might emerge.

How does that sound? Pretty good? Good or bad, put it aside please and consider now my second criticism, which emanates from that part of my mind addicted to the sociologist David Riesman. That part reads the poem and comes up, a bit too readily, with the conclusion that I want my first or second speaker, or somebody, to be "warm" about the poem's vacationists. Riesman should not be blamed for this conclusion, which is my own; he merely has spoken at length in *The Lonely Crowd* and in *Faces in the Crowd* about warmth in our time, and what he has said has stuck with me. Ultimately Riesman tries to demonstrate that warmth is a crucial word in the vocabulary of the other-directed. As a graduate student interviewed in *Faces in the Crowd* put it, "That's what I mean by human—warm."

THE RIESMAN PART of my mind, then, says of the poem that it is cold and I want to make it warm. I now turn back a bit to Aristotle, whose line on my poem, at least in my mind, is based upon his following familiar words: "Comedy aims at representing men as worse, Tragedy as better than in actual life." He adds, discussing the difference historically:

> Poetry now diverged in two directions, according to the individual character of the writers. The graver spirits imitated noble actions, and the actions of good men. The more trivial sort imitated the actions of meaner persons, at first composing satires, as the former did hymns to the gods and the praises of famous men.

I gather from this that the Aristotle in me regards my poem as trivial, or at best as comic, and this part would have me turn over a new leaf, become a graver spirit and endow my vacationists with all the dignity that graces the actions of "good" men. Very well.

MY FOURTH and last criticism of the poem stems from a reading of a fine British Marxist critic, Arnold Kettle. In discussing a novelist of whom I had never heard, E. L. Voynich, Kettle latches on to a remark made by Bernard Shaw after attending a meeting:

> It flashed on me for the first time that "the conflict between religion and science" . . . the overthrow of the Bible, the higher education of women, Mill on liberty, and all the storm that raged around Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer and the rest, on which I had brought myself up intellectually, was a mere middle-class business.

Kettle then proceeds to try to describe what a "middle-class business" is, for that is of course the crucial phrase here. As he does so, and he does so at length, my mind wanders away from all the novelists he brings forth to make his point—Dickens, James, George Eliot, Conrad, as well as the Voynich person—and comes back to roost naturally and inevitably with my poem—what else? And, also naturally and inevitably, the more my mind thinks about the poem in relation to Voynich, the more sure it is that the poem is all-in-all a mere middle-class business. Here is the kind of Kettle statement that leads to this conclusion:

> If one doesn't understand what Shaw meant by "a mere middle-class business," I don't think one will be likely to see what I am getting at when I refer to George Eliot's limitations in particular and suggest that there was no great novelist between Dickens and Conrad. I think, besides, that Shaw, with his talk of "the new spirit" (the sort of thing that doesn't go down too well in literary circles these days) and his sense of the limitations of the latter-day bourgeois literature, had got hold of something which most literary critics have ignored—to their cost. And I don't think that what he had got hold of can be brushed aside as "non-literary." When he talks of the "resurgent energy" of such a writer as Ibsen the judgment is not extra-literary. On the contrary, he has put his finger on the very quality in which, for instance, Tolstoy's novels *as literature* excel George Eliot's.

How does this kind of talk apply to my poem? Well, the poem does lack "energy" somehow, and this lack is I think evident even in the poem's origins. The matter of the poem, and even a measure of the expressed attitude toward the matter, seems to have been given to me by cartoons, jokes and advertising matter about vacationists, matter from the Postscripts page of the *Saturday Evening Post* and from cute billboards selling sun-tan lotion. This given matter I have simply swallowed; as a result I haven't really had to think very much about it or about the "we" of the poem. I have merely accepted a whole convention of thought about vacationists, or have, as Brooks and Warren might put it, made a stock response to them. Kettle would go further than Brooks and Warren here, however, and say that my response is middle-class; I have entertained thoughts about vacationists in the same dispirited, unenergetic, unfelt, unthought-out manner as Shaw's thinkers entertained their notions of Mill, Darwin, Huxley and so on. Thus, a *mere* middle-class business. Something to amuse, divert, entertain—no more.

Here, then, are in brief my four tentative criticisms of the poem, as drawn from four different schools or disciplines of literary thinking: it is an oversimplification and therefore incomplete; it is cold; it is trivial; it is bourgeois. How the poem can survive after this four-power attack I'm sure I don't know, but its survival doesn't worry me very much. Criticism, not my poem, is the subject here. I am concerned with the relative merits of these four somewhat different ways of saying that my poem is not yet ready for the golden treasuries. And how to weigh these merits?—*this* is the difficult part.

I MUST go at it personally by deciding how helpful each of the criticism is to me as I project, not very seriously, a revision or an amplification of the poem. I am convinced, for example, that the Brooks and Warren criticism is a sound one, and the thought of adding a second speaker to enlarge upon the present statement sounds reasonable. But there is one small difficulty: I haven't been given the smallest clue, by my Brooks and Warren Department, to what, precisely, that second speaker will say. Here

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Brooks and Warren fail me, because in that part of my mind attuned to them there is no room somehow for matters *outside the poem*. And at the moment that other speaker is certainly *outside the poem*.

As FOR RIESMAN, well, this "warmth" business is one I can't ignore, but Riesman is not really the man I must contend with. Van Wyck Brooks is, and his Oliver Allston (*Opinions of Oliver Allston* by Van Wyck Brooks). Allston (or Brooks) is a great disapprover of almost everything vaguely unwarm; he dislikes certain artists who are "divorced from the soil, divorced from their country . . . and from parenthood and love, ignorant of the general life, with no horizon beyond their noses." And naturally, in reverse, he likes anything warm or having to do with feeling. Perhaps his position is best put in a remark he quotes approvingly from William Morris: "I always know when a thing is really good by its making me feel warm across here" (at this point Morris "rubbed with both hands the part of his waistcoat that covered the seat of his diaphragm"). Thus Allston would seem to agree with Riesman's graduate student that humanity and warmth are synonymous, and although they might differ about where the seat of warmth is they would be one in pointing out that the seat is not in the head.

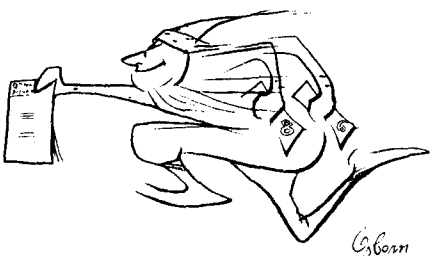
I guess I agree, for certainly one part of my head believes that my poem is cold. It is this part that mumbles that I have been led in the poem to make with my wit at the expense of my heart or diaphragm. But even though I give this part the dignity of a hearing I can only say, after I have heard, "Well, yes, but what exactly *does* the heart or the diaphragm feel about these vacationists? Just that they are human? that is, warm like a woodchuck in its hole? *I* know they are warm and human—I am one of them—and I am willing to be quite sympathetic with them. But what line or tack would you have my second narrator take to demonstrate this? Would you have him simply go on croaking, 'Be warm! Be warm!' like a Poe bird?" For at this point, it seems to me, Van Wyck Brooks is as empty of suggestions as are Brooks and Warren. He does not talk as they do, but he stops at the same place. Brooks and Warren taper off by saying that a poem should represent the "entire nature of man," while Van Wyck Brooks falls back on Whitman who said he wanted "for poetry the clear sun shining, the fresh air blowing, the strength and power of health, not of delirium . . . with always the background of the eternal moralities." But in either case I return to my poem unenlightened, or turn to a different critic for more specific assistance — say, Aristotle.

Aristotle's criticism may be the most telling of all, it being essentially a criticism of me rather than the poem. I am trivial; therefore the poem is. Maybe so. But if so I cannot, to acknowledge the untrivial fact, simply wipe the smile off my face and start grimacing like King Lear (or, more probably, Orson Welles). I must, like a psychiatrist, go first to the root of my difficulty. Is it for example peculiarly *my* difficulty, one perhaps brought on by my mother when she tickled my infant feet, or is it less localized, having to do with my time, my society, the whole climate surrounding that creative spirit who sat down one morning and wrote, on the back of a blank check, "June comes, the end of a kind of year." I suspect the latter, but Aristotle would not have me do so; he does not deal with the comic or tragic spirit as a manifestation of either personal or social forces. It is *sui generis*; it is simply there, and presumably it will remain there no matter how many new narrators I create to remove it. Thus Aristotle's criticism, though it may be true (Lord knows!), is not going to help me revise the poem. Indeed it rather encourages me to leave the poem as is, a perfect product of my comic (trivial) being.

AND NOW, Kettle. I am not any kind of a Marxist, and I have a good many objections to his objections to bourgeois thought and feeling. Nonetheless, beside the other critics I have used and abused here, his remarks are like real (not Whitman's) fresh air blowing. Why?—the answer is not simple. In some respects Kettle is merely repeating what the other critics have said. A middle-class business, for example, would appear to be a trivial business; and a work without "resurgent energy" might be thought of either as a work without deep feeling—*i.e.*, warmth—or as a work conditioned by a popular conventional attitude—*i.e.*, built upon a stock response. But Kettle doesn't stop here as the others do; he puts his remarks into a social and historical context, and this simple action makes all the difference. It does not even matter to me much (though perhaps it should) whether or not his placement is a wholly correct one. I am not satisfied with his word "bourgeois" and might prefer to start off by thinking of the poem as merely "mid-Twentieth-Century American" or, more narrowly and snidely, "Upper-Middle-Brow Comment upon Mid-Twentieth-Century American." But whether the word "bourgeois" is apt or not it is a different kind of word than "warm" or "comic" or "facile." It serves to place my poem in time and space, as the other words don't and as, indeed, I didn't in my own mind when I wrote the poem. I can best suggest the value of such placement by showing the poetic result—that is, by putting down some opening lines for a second speaker's rejoinder to the poem's present statement. The lines are not good, but they are a beginning, and they were provoked by Kettle talking about George Eliot. Here they are:

> And yet you propose to endure it. Why?
> Why do you pack that car year after year
> And go off trailing the rest of them to some
> Dirty, fished-out lake where, with the rest of them,
> You joke and mildly complain of the bugs and the weather,
> And find solace in drink and the simple numb knowledge
> That though you do what you do you do know better?

A beginning, I say. Maybe the end, too



This Christmas give The New Republic

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—for I fear that poor little lake will not stand the weight of a really severe criticism of the pointlessness of modern (bourgeois?) life. After all, people *do* have pleasant vacations; there *are* clean lakes; and a vacation is a poor occasion at best for watering the revolutionary spirit that lurks in most of us. Still, I must come back to the fact that it was Kettle, not any of the others, who got me this far. I had to read a piece not on poetry at all, not by an American, and not by a man of my political persuasion before the simple truth was revealed to me, as out of a burning bush, that there *really* were other possible positions than the one entertained by my first narrator. The other criticisms had merely suggested that there *ought* to be.

Let me elaborate. I suppose that my remarks are ultimately directed against Brooks and Warren, and Van Wyck Brooks (I do not, I find, have any serious complaint against Aristotle), or at least against the kind of literary criticism which they seem to represent. Normally these days we do not think of the two Brookses as being a single "kind"; indeed they are opposites, and fighting opposites at that, and I certainly don't want to deny their differences—differences that Kettle perhaps describes indirectly in his criticism of George Eliot:

> There remains George Eliot and her admirable qualities. She is the biggest of the late-Victorian novelists, wide in her sympathies, deep in her understanding, wise, humane, with all the Tolstoyan virtues—until one actually comes to compare her with Tolstoy. And then one has the sense of something missing, something vital in the most precise sense. There is life there, all right, in *Middlemarch* especially, but it is life that lacks something—how shall we describe it?—vibrancy, immediacy, extremity perhaps? "How far apart all the houses are," someone has excellently said. Everything matters in *Middlemarch*, but it matters a little ponderously, a little distantly even, in the way "important issues," "moral decisions," "serious questions," "cultural crises" matter: in the way things matter—to be a good deal less than fair—in *Times* leaders. Yes, they do matter; but do they matter quite like that?

How does this apply to my critics? Well, they too, it seems to me, lack this "something vital" Kettle is talking about. They are somehow always to be found speaking off the point whatever the point may be, and generally demonstrating how far their house is from the house they are discussing (in this case, I suppose, my poem). To demonstrate what I mean I must discuss them separately.

1. Brooks and Warren do not perhaps like to think of their criticism as lacking in vitality, human relevance, or whatever, in its essentials. When for example they talk, as they do, about poetry's striving to express the "entire nature of man" they are demonstrating what appears to be an admirable interest in the nature of man as well as the nature of literature. What, however, is consistently missing from their criticism—and clearly missing by design—is any expressed interest in what the nature of man is. Constantly they make man a complex or a totality and let him go at that, on the grounds, presumably, that their primary business is not man but literature, and that by coming right out with a lot of big talk about man they would merely be indulging themselves after the manner of all those erring and now unfashionable critics, like Van Wyck Brooks, they have consistently opposed—the manner which treats literature as homily or history or philosophy or sociology — in short as anything except literature. Over and over again in *Understanding Poetry* they insist upon the importance of thinking of the poem as a poem. And over and over again their disciples, though they may hate to be described as disciples, similarly adopt "poem as poem" as their major premise. For indeed this *is* the major premise, the first principle of the now old New Criticism.

Unfortunately I must report that it's a poor premise. It may serve to start a scene or two in class, but it will never in the world get the bugs out of my verses.

2. Brooks and Warren appear deficient in Warmth and Human Understanding by design, and the design is in many respects an excellent one (though it doesn't help with my verses). Van Wyck Brooks' Allston on the other hand is deficient and doesn't know it. He for example finds the New Critics "mechanical and scientific" and declares that their "literary values [are] floating in the void." Yet he himself floats buoyantly in that void and pronounces the experience delightful. He tells us "what a pleasure it is to think" and neglects to say about what. He quotes with approval a remark about painting that "the painter's whole morality consists in keeping his brushes clean and getting up in the morning." He discusses interminably how writers should live, what they should wear, what devices they should use to gain "the ear of the muse," and how long they should keep their works before sending them to a publisher; but he never faces up to a writer's *matter* except in the incredibly vague Whitmanesque terms quoted above: sun shining, fresh air blowing, and so forth. Thus, although he ends his book, *Opinions of Oliver Allston*, with a stern admonition to us to be tough-minded, his own mind is thoroughly soft; it will not bear the weight of a single serious matter for more than a sentence or two, and then only in the most playful, platitudinous manner. As a result what purports to be one of the book's primary assertions —"literature has been out on a branch. We must return to the trunk" is defended by describing "trunk" writers in terms such as these:

> The greatest are those who speak for all mankind; and every great man writing knows what men and women are and what they have it in them to become—through him humanity breathes and thinks and sings. He shares the traits of others in larger measure. That men should have life and have it more abundantly, this is the general aim of great men writing, of Erasmus, Dickens, Rabelais, Dostoievsky, of Goethe, Ibsen, Whitman whomsoever one chooses.

Whomsoever indeed! What good is that final list to anybody? Surely it is a fine example of the unvital criticism of which I speak, the kind that, like a bad servant, just isn't home when called. But I must repeat that though I have a greater distaste for this kind of thing than for the New Criticism, I find the latter equally deficient. And because I do I wish I could now turn to Kettle's piece on Voynich and be able to describe triumphantly what is *not* a mere middle-class business in this sad world—for this is really what I must do to carry this essay through. I must point out that though my poem is a

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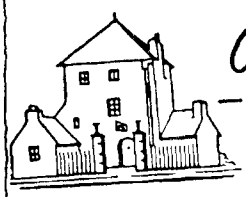
mere middle-class business, and though all my thoughts about the poem are mere middle-class business (being derived from critics who are strictly middle-class business), *still* there is something other than mere middle-class business *somewhere*. Well, of course there is, but I am a poor one to report on it, being such a middle-class business myself. Kettle, however, reports on it eloquently. The "something" is to be found in all the various "liberation" movements starting in the Nineteenth Century and continuing, I suppose, right on down to the present. He asserts, for example, or rather suggests the following:

> By the second half of the Nineteenth Century, I would suggest, it had become impossible for a novelist to operate adequately within the framework and assumptions of bourgeois society. To put it crudely, it was no longer possible to be honest enough to be a great writer without being in some sense a revolutionary. To achieve a necessary sense of the vigor and potentiality of life, to bring a full humanity and vitality to literature, it was necessary to go outside the contracting or decaying bourgeois framework.

This is an interesting remark, being so close in some respects and so opposed in others to the essentially non-Marxist talk in our country of the artist's alienation from modern society. But it is not a remark I can triumphantly conclude with (though it might be the kind to give my second speaker, so that my first speaker might have something, in *his* reply, to be more than merely middle-class about). No, the value of Kettle's essay ends for me with his and Shaw's perceptive remarks about the limitations of bourgeois (I would prefer to say *some* bourgeois) thinking. I recommend it for this, and I suggest, as a "liberating" activity, reading at random poems and critiques of poems in any literary magazine now being published, with the phrase, "a mere middle-class business," firmly in mind. Doing so won't produce any revolutionaries, and the phrase will pall rapidly, if it has not already. Still, the phrase may help — simply because it seems to be persistently applicable — to point up the social and historical desert through which our poetry and its prose now stumble.



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The Story Teller's Story

by Malcolm Cowley

I HAVE lately reread the interviews with novelists and short-story writers that have been appearing four times a year in *The Paris Review*. By now there are more than twenty of these, including two or three unpublished ones that I have seen in manuscript. Some are decidedly better or worse than others, but as a group they are about the most interesting series of the kind to be read in English.

The statement isn't quite so eulogistic as it sounds. Compared with Continental Europeans, the English since Boswell, who was Scottish, and the Americans from the beginning have seldom been good at literary interviews. Almost everything in our background has been against the development of the form. Editors haven't been willing to give it much space because of a probably justified feeling that their public had no interest in literary problems. Authors have been embarrassed or reticent, often at the wrong places, and interviewers by and large have been incompetent. I can think of recent exceptions, but most of the interviewers either have had no serious concern with literature or else have been too serious about themselves. Either they have been reporters with little knowledge of the author's work and a desire to entrap him into making scandalous remarks about sex, politics and God, or else they have been ambitious writers trying to display their own sophistication, usually at the expense of the author, and listening chiefly to their own voices.

Perhaps because of the changing times, the literary conversations in the *Paris Review* have been of a different order. The interviewers belong to a new generation that has been called silent, though a better word for it would be waiting or listening or inquiring. They have done their assigned reading, they have asked the right questions, or most of them, and have listened carefully to the answers. The authors, more conscious of their craft than authors used to be, have talked about it with an engaging lack of pomposity. The editors of the review have been generous with their time and space, and the result is a series that seems to me livelier and more revealing than others of the same kind.

One thing it reveals is an extreme diversity of characters and talents. The authors presented have come from the ruling class, the middle class or the working class of six different countries. They are Catholic, Protestant, Jewish or agnostic; old or young; married, permanently single or divorced; and they have had all sorts of education, from those who never finished secondary school (Simenon, Faulkner) to those who are university professors or fellows (Warren and Forster). Frank O'Connor started life as a gunman, Nelson Algren as a bindle stiff, Joyce Cary as a colonial official, while some of the others went straight into professional writing. All have strongly marked personalities which are revealed—asserted, one might say—in their simplest remarks, and no personality resembles any other. Yet in spite of their diversity, what emerges from the interviews is a composite picture of the fiction writer. He has no face, no nationality, no particular background, and I say "he" by grammatical convention, since three of the authors are women; but they all have something in common, some attitude toward life and art, some fund of common experience. Let me try to sketch in a few details of the faceless portrait.

THE WRITER—any writer—is a person who believes in the magic efficacy of words. That belief is central in his personality, and it goes back to very early childhood. "All children," Thornton Wilder says to his interviewer, Richard Goldstone, "emerging from the egocentric monsterhood of infancy—'Gimme! Gimme!' cries the Nero in the bassinet—are out to win their way: from their parents, playmates, from 'life,' from all that is bewildering and inexplicable in themselves. . . . The future author is one who discovers that language, the exploration and manipulation of the resources of language, will serve him in winning through to his way."

But language won't serve him unless the words are right. Apparently the true writer believes that every construction in words is a sort of incantation in which the proper words must be used in exactly the proper order; otherwise it will fail to produce its effect on the reader, fail to express the writer as an individual, and fail to win him his way. Those without this belief are not writers, Truman Capote says: "They're typists—sweaty typists blacking up pounds of bond paper with formless, eyeless, earless messages." "Call it precious and go to hell," he says in another connection, "but I believe that a story can be wrecked by a faulty rhythm in a sentence—especially if it occurs toward the end—or a mistake in paragraphing, even punctuation." Not a few of the interviewed authors would agree with him.

AMONG those who believe in the strict magic of words, fiction writers are a special type, distinct from the essayists and poets. They are those for whom the words, to be efficacious, must tell stories. That is, the words must tell how people did things, or had things done to them, as a result of which *something was changed*; without the change there is no story. I believe that fiction writers start by telling stories to themselves, although there is no mention in the interviews of that preliminary step; then, at an early age, they start telling stories to others. "I always tell stories," the late Joyce Cary says. " . . . I told them to other children when I was a child. I told them at school. I told them to my own children, and I tell them now to the children of a friend."

For a born fiction writer like Cary, the world is composed not of natural objects and forces, as for the scientist; not of social and psychological principles, as for the essayist; and not of moods, as for the lyric poet; it is composed of people having interesting experiences that change their lives (as our own lives may be changed when we read about them). But the change in ourselves is one of heart and not, or not primarily, of social institutions. Instead of reforming the world, a fiction writer tries to present the world in its diversity, while imposing a form on it that makes it, in a sense, his own possession. Instead of enouncing laws, principles and messages, he gives us human examples. When Nelson Algren is asked why he became a writer, he answers not with a general observation but with a story—and a good one too—about a bankrupt gasoline station in the Rio Grande Valley. When Frank O'Connor is asked,

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"What is the greatest essential of a story?" he starts to explain principles as a professor might do, but gets entangled in his explanation. Then suddenly he says, "I'll tell you what I mean. We were down on the south coast of Ireland. . . . " With a feeling of relief he launches into a story of his own that embodies the principles, that in fact *is* the principles as revealed in human actions.

The stories that compose a fiction-writer's world are true stories that may or may not have happened. Facts have to be manipulated to reveal the truth behind them. "I should never be able to write a real autobiography," says Alberto Moravia; "I always end by falsifying and fictionalizing—I'm a liar, in fact. That means I'm a novelist after all." But when a fiction writer lies, it is not usually as a means of obtaining advantages for himself. More often it is for the love of art, which is also, in a fashion, the love of truth.

One more characteristic of the fiction writer is that he has a remarkable memory. In some cases it may be as tenacious as that of Thomas Wolfe, who boasted in a letter to his mother, "I never forget; I have never forgotten." James Thurber says, and without boasting, "You know it's a nuisance—to have a memory like mine—as well as an advantage. It's . . . well . . . like a whore's top drawer. There's so much in there that's junk—costume jewelry, unnecessary telephone numbers whose exchanges no longer exist. For instance, I can remember the birthday of anyone who's ever told me his birthday." Thurber now composes his stories in his head, and he sometimes remembers, word for word, three successive drafts of the same story. The memories of other fiction writers are less dependable. They forget names, faces and errands, much as the rest of us do, but when they come to present a scene they find themselves remembering details of many sorts that others would scarcely have noticed, much less preserved for years. Literary creation is, in large measure, the art of using one's memories.

Rereading the interviews as a group, I was confirmed in an old belief that the novel and the short story are two separate forms and that mere length is not their distinguishing feature. A long short story—say of forty thousand words—is not the same as a novel of forty

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thousand words, nor is it likely to be written by the same person. Among the authors interviewed, the division that goes deepest is not between older and younger writers, or men and women writers, or French and English writers; it is the division between those who think in terms of the short story and those who are essentially novelists.

Truman Capote might stand for those who think in terms of the short story, since he tells us that his "more unswerving ambitions still revolve around this form." A moment later he says, "I invariably have the illusion that the whole play of a story, its start and middle and finish, occur in my mind simultaneously —that I'm seeing it in one flash." He likes to know the end of a story before writing the first word of it. Indeed, he doesn't start writing until he has brooded over the story long enough to exhaust his first emotional response to the material. "I seem to remember reading," he says, "that Dickens, as he wrote, choked with laughter over his own humor and dripped tears all over the page when one of his characters died. My own theory is that the writer should have considered his wit and dried his tears long, long before setting out to evoke similar reactions in a reader." The reactions of the reader, not of the writer, are Capote's principal concern.

FOR CONTRAST take the interview with Georges Simenon, who is a true novelist even if his separate works, each written and revised in about two weeks, are not much longer than some short stories. Each of his novels starts in the same fashion. "It is almost a geometrical problem," he says. "I have such a man, such a woman, in such surroundings. What can happen to them to oblige them to go to their limit? That's the question. It will sometimes be a very simple incident, anything which will change their lives. Then I write my novel chapter by chapter." Before setting to work Simenon has scrawled a few notes on a big manila envelope. The interviewer asks whether these are an outline of the action. "No, no," Simenon answers. " . . . On the envelope I put only the names of the characters, their ages, their families. I know nothing whatever about the events which will occur later. Otherwise"—and I can't help putting the statement in italics—*"it would not be interesting to me."*

Unlike Capote, who says that he is physically incapable of writing anything he doesn't think will be paid for (though I take it that payment is to him merely a necessary token of public admiration), Simenon would "certainly," he says, continue writing novels if they were never published. But he wouldn't bother to write them if he knew what the end of each novel would be, for then *it would not be interesting*. He discovers his fable not in one flash, but chapter by chapter, as if he were telling a continued story to himself.

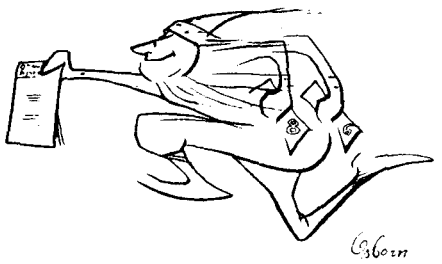
"On the eve of the first day," he says, "I know what will happen in the first chapter. Then day after day, chapter after chapter, I find what comes later. After I have started a novel I write a chapter each day, without ever missing a day. Because it is a strain, I have to keep pace with the novel. If, for example, I am ill for forty-eight hours I have to throw away the previous chapters. And I never return to that novel." Like Dickens he lets himself be moved, even shattered, by what he is writing. "All the day," he says, "I am one of my characters"—always the one who is driven to his limit. "I feel what he feels. . . . And it's almost unbearable after five or six days. That is one of the reasons why my novels are so short; after eleven days *I can't—it's impossible. I have to*—It's physical. I am too tired."

Nobody else writes in quite the same fashion as Simenon. He carries a certain attitude toward fiction to the furthest point that it can be carried by anyone who writes book to be published and read. But the attitude in itself is not unusual, and in fact it is shared to some extent by all the true novelists who explain their methods in these interviews. Not one of them starts by making a scene-by-scene outline, as Henry James did before writing each of his later novels. James had discovered what he called the "divine principle of the Scenario" after writing several unsuccessful plays, and in essence the principle, or method, seems to be dramatistic rather than novelistic. The dramatist, like the short-story writer, has to know where he is going and how he will get there, scene by scene, whereas all the novelists interviewed by the *Paris Review* are accustomed to making voyages of exploration with only the roughest of maps.

François Mauriac says, "There is a point of departure, and there are some characters. It often happens that the first characters don't go any further and, on the other hand, vaguer, more inconsistent characters show new possibilities as the story goes on and assume a place we hadn't foreseen." Françoise Sagan says that she has to start to write to have ideas. In the beginning she has "a character, or a few characters, and perhaps an idea for a few of the scenes up to the middle of the book, but it all changes in the writing. For me writing is a question of finding a certain rhythm." "My work," says Moravia, " . . . is not prepared beforehand in any way. I might add, too, that when I'm not working I don't think of my work at all."

FORSTER does lay plans for his work, but they are subject to change. "The novelist," he says, "should I think always settle when he starts what is going to happen, what his major event is to be. He may alter the event as he approaches it, indeed he probably will, indeed he probably had better, or the novel becomes tied up and tight. But the sense of a solid mass ahead, a mountain round or over which or through which the story must go, is most valuable and, for the novels I've tried to write, essential. . . . When I began *A Passage to India* I knew that something important happened in the Malabar Caves, and that it would have a central place in the novel —but I didn't know what it would be." William Faulkner says, "With me there is always a point in the book where the characters themselves rise up and take charge and finish the job."

Most novelists, one might generalize on this evidence, are like the chiefs of exploring expeditions. They know who



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their companions are (and keep learning more about them); they know what sort of territory they will have to traverse on the following day or week; they know the general object of the expedition, the mountain they are trying to reach, the river of which they are hoping to discover the source. But they don't know exactly what their route will be, or what adventures they will meet along the way, or how their companions will act when pushed to the limit. They don't even know whether the continent they are trying to map exists in space or only within themselves. "I think that if a man has the urge to be an artist," Simenon muses, "it is because he needs to find himself. Every writer tries to find himself through his characters, through all his writing." He is speaking for the novelists in particular. Short-story writers come back from their briefer explorations to brood over the meaning of their discoveries; then they perfect the stories for an audience. The short story is an *exposition;* the novel is often and perhaps at its best an *inquisition* into the unknown depths of the novelist's mind.

Retreat into the Sciences

by Burton Rubin

THE REAL SURPRISE about the launching of the first Soviet earth satellite is that we were caught up so short by the idea that the Russians could have surpassed us. It was as if former Senator Benton had never made his trip to the Soviet Union and returned to deluge our press with warnings that the Soviets were out-educating us in science and technology; warnings that were seconded by scientists and laymen alike in every media of mass communications from *The Ladies Home Journal* to the "Times Youth Forum."

Soviet Education, edited by George L. Kline (Columbia; $3.50).

The facts about Soviet education have been available for the past two years. Anyone who would like all the details is recommended to *Soviet Professional Manpower,* a study that was published in 1955 by Nicolas DeWitt of Harvard University. The book is an awesome work of research efficiency, a veritable encyclopedia of statistics, graphs and charts, in which the whole vast network of Soviet schools, the entire Soviet effort to overtake the West technologically, is depicted with surgical precision. The recent report by the US Department of Health, Education and Welfare, *Education in the USSR,* brings Mr. DeWitt's figures up to date. But the face behind the statistics, has, in the nature of the case, been hidden from Western eyes. A little book called *Soviet Education,* edited by Professor G. L. Kline of Columbia University is a unique first attempt to illuminate Soviet education through the testimony of former participants. It only throws an oblique light on the overriding question of Soviet scientific and technical education, but sufficient matter can be gleaned from the nine essays written by former Soviet students and teachers which run the whole gamut of Soviet education from the nursery school to the university and technical institute, from the manner of day-to-day classroom instruction to the character of student life. It is our first inside view of the Soviet school, its atmosphere and feel from the early years after the Revolution until the early 1940's.

As an English writer observed last year in *The New Statesman and Nation,* the atmosphere of Soviet higher education presents the reverse side of 19th-century English classical education. The Russian student who wants to study humanities needs to be as strong-willed and exceptionally devoted as did his English counterpart who ran against the prevailing current and read sciences at Cambridge in 1870. The reasons for this are rooted partly in Marx's optimistic rationalism which celebrated the technological transformation of the world under Communism, and partly in the long-standing obsessive urgency of Russian history to exorcise the demon of sloth and backwardness. One of Professor Kline's essayists comments:

> Most students were confident that science would ultimately provide all

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the answers to all the questions that could be meaningfully asked. (Both the Webbs and Eduoard Herriot noted accurately in 1934-35 that "pure science represents a cult in the USSR.")

Today's Soviet youth are approvingly presided over by the shadow of Turgenev's hero Bazarov, the young nihilist (read positivist) with a passion for dissecting frogs, whose attitude that everything that could not be measured and quantified was bunk represented an episode in the mood of the Russian *intelligentsia* of the 1860's.

But there are other important reasons of recent Soviet vintage for the pull that the exact sciences exercise on Soviet youth. One is that the sciences are a relatively "safe" field. There is less chance of running afoul of the Party line, and consequently more space for individual creativity. The social sciences, literature, and even the agricultural sciences, once Lysenko's special preserve, besides demanding a mental straightjacket, have, as one writer put it, "the unhappy tradition of recantations and purges." Another factor which, somewhat paradoxically, feeds the attraction of the sciences is the corrosive effect that Party propaganda and phoney social ideals have had on the normal idealism of youth. The sciences and engineering, which pay the highest premiums in the Soviet Union, are the natural "objective" havens for a youth whose disillusionment has driven them to cultivating their own gardens.

The word, *intelligentsia*, which is a Russian coinage of the 19th Century, was not the word then that it is today. It did not describe a class of intellectuals, professionals and white collar workers whose distinguishing feature was that they earned their bread with their brains. It was an honorific that attached only to those "critically thinking" members of this class who placed ideas above personal comfort and successful careers. A Russian could be a doctor, lawyer, engineer or teacher without belonging to the *intelligentsia*—the critical test was selfless devotion to truth and social justice.

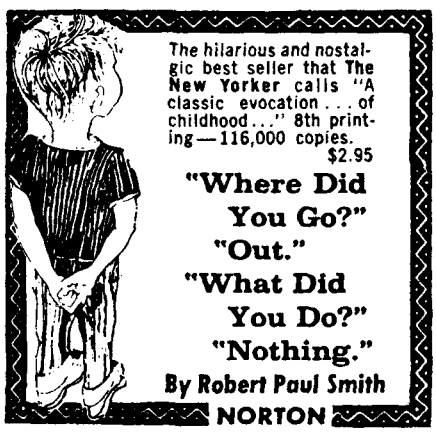
Throughout 19th-Century Russian literature there is a deep contempt for careerism and professionalism, which for the Russians implied a narrowness and a mean philistinism that was peculiarly German, and peculiarly un-Russian. Lenin had little use for these "critically thinking individuals," whose volatility and freedom from dogmatism was subversive to the iron discipline he required for his revolutionary machine. They had to be won over and Bolshevized, or else left to wither in doubt and "subjectivity." As many returning visitors from the Soviet Union have mournfully reported, the Bolsheviks have to a considerable degree succeeded in destroying the once glorious Russian *intelligentsia*. Not by winning them over to unquestioning belief in the truth of Marxism and blind obedience to the Party, but by making everything that rings of social enthusiasm sound false to youthful ears.

The flight toward science, toward personal affairs, toward everything except the accursed social problems that so exercised their predecessors, began in the thirties. During the twenties, an atmosphere of intense experimentation, capped by the long-awaited march toward modernity that was signalled by the First Five-Year Plan, kept the universities alive with enthusiasm. The first thing that chilled the ardor of Soviet youth for "building communism" was collectivization, the brutal horrors of which many young students witnessed at first-hand in the villages where they had gone to help the Party. The final blow was the terror of the *yezhovshchina*, the period of bloody purges in the late thirties. The apoliticality of Soviet youth is a point upon which all the essayists in this book agree. The essays do not cover the years after 1942, most of the writers having been given their chance to flee the Soviet Union by the war. That the situation has not changed is borne out by the reports of recent American visitors who spoke to students and teachers, and by the Soviet press filled with complaints that political indoctrination courses are in the doldrums because of student apathy.

It is something of a miracle that the Soviet youth have been able to maintain their reserve in the face of massive indoctrination which begins almost literally from the cradle. Nina Sorochenko, who has an essay on "Pre-School Education in the USSR," describes a blood-curdling scene in a Soviet nursery which dates back to 1926. A group of one-and-a-half and two-year olds are seated on some bedding material. The teacher is seated before them droning on monotonously about Uncle Ilich (Lenin), and the children are swaying to and fro, sucking their thumbs with apparent concentration. But they are not concentrating at all, they are not even listening. As Miss Sorochenko explains, their thumbs and rhythmic swaying had become for the children a means of withdrawing into themselves. In 1936 the Party Central Committee discovered that until that time a basic element of the pre-school program had been suppressed: *play*.

If Soviet youth, as well as Hungarian youth, have succeeded in remaining uncontaminated to any degree it is no doubt due partly to teachers like the former geography teacher who touchingly closes his essay in this book:

> And although I must now earn my living as a manual laborer, although I have had to give up academic and scholarly work in my own special field, I would rather do this than "spit upon my soul," corrupting generations of Soviet young people with geography lectures which are saturated with Communist propaganda.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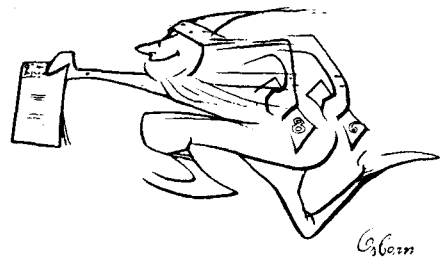

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Encounter With Death

by Leslie A. Fiedler

A *Death in the Family* is not a completed novel, but a collection of brilliant narrative and lyric fragments given *editorially* the semblance of a novel. In its present state (fixed by the premature death of the author), it hesitates between two ambitions, one of which would have made it a tight, highly unified novella, covering only some three or four days; the other of which would have expanded it in the direction of a thick, family saga, spanning in its main action five to ten years—and including by indirect reference many more. Only the novella-germ seems to have been worked out in anything like final form; while the saga survives as a handful of trial studies, not integrated into the main fiction by the author but somewhat arbitrarily placed in the present book by the editors.

A Death in the Family, by James Agee (McDowell, Obolensky; $3.95).

The single unifying factor of a novella and saga—aside from their common raw material of family history—is the mind of a small boy, the death of whose father and the coming to moral maturity of whose mother is the center of the three-day narrative. Yet here, too, there is confusion; for Agee had apparently not yet solved the problem of point of view; and the book, as it has been patched together, shifts disconcertingly from a post of observation just behind the head of the small boy to one which moves nervously. The incomplete work hovers between the subjective and objective, between the lyrical and the novelistic.

The book turns, it seems to me, about four major themes: the threat and temptations of drunkeness, the clash of utterly different families joined in a marriage resented by both, the terrible illumination implicit in the fact of death, the conflict of Protestantism and Catholicism. The last two are sufficiently rendered, in a discreet and subtle poetry, within the limits of the novella. The first two are only suggested in the fragments of the saga which survive. The family of the dead husband, for instance, comes to life briefly in the opening, is further illuminated by a visit to his great-grandmother in the deep country (the opposition between the families involves that between urban and rural, instinctive and intellectual), but is lost at the book's close—where that family simply drops out of sight in a lapse unforgiveable in a finished work.

In a strange way, the basic limitations of the book (insofar as they can be divined in its present form) are indistinguishable from its basic virtues. It is not sufficient to say merely, as I have said so far, that the book suffers from a conflict between Agee's essentially lyric gifts and the novelistic obligations he accepts. John Peale Bishop and Robert Penn Warren, for instance (writers he is most like in background and thematic concerns as well as technique), solve similar problems with some success, finding, each in his own way, fictional strategies not incompatible with their poetic ambitions. The point is, I think, that Agee's talent is peculiarly *visual*, that the world comes to him in sharp, fragmented sights—all detailed foreground. He paints his scenes sometimes like a miniaturist, and this hovering, scrupulous attention to detail obscures both the kind of infinitely receding background and the sense of forward motion necessary to the novel.

Yet it would be ungrateful and unforgiveable not to say what *pleasure* there is in his visual revelations. The sights (and though primarily these, beyond them, the smells, tastes, textures, sounds) of Knoxville, Tennessee, some forty years ago, are rendered with an astonishing tact and precision, with a kind of freshness that belongs, for most of us, only to the memories of childhood. It is in the lyrical, free, sensual evocation of a boy's world as seen for the first time, the world of experience upon which our others depend and from which they hopelessly decline that Agee excells.

THE TONE of the book (at its novella-heart) is nostalgic: a longing to recapture the seen-for-the-first-time, to relive the child's sense of warm, safe involvement in love, to believe again that such security is immune from death and change, to be what we were before we

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felt the need to identify ourselves. Yet the nostalgia is seldom sentimental; for it is essentially religious. It does not, that is to say, deny the reality of death or pain or suffering, the necessity of the fall from the child's peace or the exclusion from the child's Great Good Place; it only affirms that that peace and that place are real, too; and somehow they survive the disappearance of the people and the houses, the sights and sounds which sustained them.

To attempt to translate the book's meaning out of its expression is to realize that, whatever its failure to achieve novel form, it is, in the full sense, poetry: an unanalysable fusion of theme and image, significance and language. It is the language of the book, at once luminiscent and discreet, the language of Agee, *Agee*, that remain in the mind in this time of meagre, undistinguished prose, the prose of authors pledged to pretend that they are not really there.

The Entire Form of Man's Estate

by Victor Lange

IT MAY SEEM curious that wherever we open this incomparable treasury of reflections on the human condition, we should be struck and indeed fascinated not so much by genius or profundity as by the minor virtues of good sense, of cautious intelligence, and of reasonable acquiescence in the irremediable defects of the universe. Montaigne's wisdom and his appeal to all manner of men are compelling enough, and they are so precisely because his is neither bound by the straitjacket of consistency nor unduly preoccupied with the projection of a private sort of imagination. He was a romantic to the romantics, for the pragmatists he extolled the value of personal experience. Gide, among recent French critics, praised him for his refusal to accept any form of moral dogmatism, and Nietzsche counted Montaigne among the four or five brave and honest "good Europeans."

The Complete Works of Montaigne, newly translated by Donald M. Frame. (Stanford; $12.50).

No French writer, it is safe to say, except perhaps Rabelais, has exercised so great an influence on English literature. We know what Shakespeare owed to Montaigne; the skeptical self-worshipper endeared himself to Byron, Lamb and Hazlitt are his direct literary descendants, and few among the novelists of the grand tradition have forgotten that Sterne counted him among the truly "Shandean people." His attachment to an experimental and empirical philosophy of life and his psychological detachment have made him one of the chief models of the modern liberal temper.

Mr. Frame's magnificent volume of Montaigne's works, which includes not only the *Essays* but the *Journal* of his European journey in 1580-81, and his 39 extant letters, reminds us once more of the enormous variety of Montaigne's attitudes, of his mercurial temperament, his straightforward manner, his resources of will-power, and the altogether appealing informality of his mind. "We each," says Mr. Frame, "have our own Montaigne as we have our *Hamlet* and *Don Quixote*." Each of us Montaigne seems to meet on our own grounds, to each he speaks not insistently but with that reassuring delight that comes from having found some sort of tentative formula for a given turn in our groping for the truth. We shall, I suspect, find it quite understandable that Montaigne should have been blamed for being an inactive egotist, for being presumptuous and coarse and obscene, a skeptic and an epicure, amoral and selfish.

But we may nevertheless recognize in all these weaknesses a remarkably modern kind of strength: having read, shall we say, Veblen, we are struck by Montaigne's essay "On Sumptuary Laws." Freud and Proust come often to one's mind as Montaigne insists upon the physical premise of all our perceptions and moral speculations of customs, of dreams, of time, of love. The famous central piece, *Apology for Raymond Sebond*, far from being an offensive attack on Christian beliefs is a veritable Nietzschean pronouncement on the inescapable limits of human insight. If Montaigne argues that "virtue's tool is moderation, not strength," he is not, we may be sure, merely offering a polite prescription for the gentlemanly life; he reflects, rather, our own anti-romantic sensibilities. As Mr. Frame puts it in his model introduction, "he has no use for the introvert's anguish over the impenetrability of ultimates, the absurdity of man's place in the universe, or the discrepancy between our ideals and our attainments."

Even the aphoristic and miscellaneous manner of his writing, disjointed or even arrogant though it may have appeared to earlier readers, strikes us as eminently appropriate to Montaigne's sweeping and provisional mode of enquiry.

Montaigne may be right in saying that there is in him "neither composition nor development that is worth anything"; but we are always in the presence of an attractive and above all convivial mind. To be sure, he is a man's philosopher and his wisdom is that of the doer. Yet, where he speaks as a partner in the common business of life, as friend or father, as a companion at table or on a journey, as a fellow reader or, indeed—in his letters—a fellow citizen, he is, even at his most garrulous, irresistible in his integrity and his charm.

MR. FRAME'S new translation gives, I think, a more adequate idea of Montaigne's manner, his straight and unpretentious style, than any of the half-dozen previous English versions. He has, better than John Florio or Charles Cotton, retained the rough texture of the original, "the vivid, bold images, the epigrammatic word plays, the meandering, associative order, often disdainful of logical connectives, the obscenity, which is a studied protest against man's rejection of the body." The thirty-nine letters—all that we have left—are here for the first time published in English in their entirety. Mr. Frame's notes are fairly sparse in the text of the *Essays*, but justly ample in the *Journals*; his introductions display a most civilized scholarship. If it were not ungrateful in the face of what is obviously a major publishing venture on the part of the Stanford University Press, one might wish for an index, which would make the substance of this great work still more readily accessible.

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The Year's Art Books

by Frank Getlein

I SHOULD THINK that almost anyone will eventually get irritated as the general omniscience of *The Picture History of Painting* by H. W. Janson and Dora Jane Janson (Abrams; $15). The pictures are splendid. There are over 100 colorplates and 400 black and whites. The text problem seems to be one of scope. The story begins with Altamira, ticks off Egypt, Crete, Greece and Rome and then follows Europe up to Surrealism. If you're going that far you have to go fast and speed is easier if you have definite conclusions about everything along the way.

Despite an air of easy explanation of even the most complex and subtle men, attitudes, works and periods, the book contains an impressive amount of reliable information and the pictures alone are worth the price, not only for their pleasure but for the intelligence evident in their selection and order.

*

The Middle Ages have been getting a good play partly because all art book publishers have realized that there are only so many aspects of French painting from 1840 to 1900 and partly because the material has a tremendous visual fascination. The Metropolitan Museum has brought out a beautiful little reproduction volume (for $2.60) of the even smaller *Hours of Jeanne D'Evreux, Queen of France* at the Cloisters. Thought to be the work of Jean Pucelle, the book is a prime example of the 14th Century combination of the highly spiritual with high spirits. The sacred figures seem almost bas-reliefs while authentic drawings depict the rest of us along the bottoms of the pages, taking pratfalls and getting hit with bladders.

*

A much more ambitious reproduction volume is Praeger's *The Golden Gospels of Echternach*—the Codex Aureus Epternacensis ($25). In black and white the volume reproduces 95 of the 135 pages of the manuscript and has thirteen plates in color and gold. The impact is overwhelming. We are now back in the 10th and 11th Centuries and there is no split between sacred and secular. Everything is sacred, the figures of Christ, the prophets, shepherds, kings and angels, which sometimes seem Byzantine brought to life, the foliage and geometry of the decorations and color itself, green ground and blue sky treated abstractly, the rich purple and the gold nowhere more eloquent than in the clear script itself.

A text by Peter Metz and a full set of notes on the individual plates fills you in on the society, the faith and the remarkable organization of artists that created this marvel.

*

As would be expected, Skira, outmediavals the field. *Early Medieval Painting* ($22.50) runs from the 4th to the 11th Century, and from Cassino to Hildesheim to Lindisfarne and Kells to Toledo. The whole gorgeous story unfolds from the last examples of Roman wall painting and mosaics through the infinite variety of medieval illumination. What was once assumed to be the "lost" art of antique illusionism is clearly shown as an alternative abandoned for the sake of a rich symbolism and a poetic grasp of strong composition. The old assumption that the medievals were clumsily striving to paint like Raphael is not so much exploded as trampled on by this parade of glory from seven centuries. The full text by André Grabar and Carl Nordenfalk is a prime example of Skira scholarship at its best: history, analysis, comparison, biography, provenance, all held in balance and all moving forward in clear non-technical language.

*

Another Skira joy of the season is *Flemish Painting: The Century of Van Eyck,* ($25.) with 112 color plates. The book covers Jan Van Eyck's precursors and peers, Petrus Christus, Rogier van der Weyden, Dirk Bouts, Hugo van der Goes, Joos van Ghent, Hans Memling and Gerard David. The text by Jacques Lassaigne is a lively one. He just about finishes off the vague ghost of Hubert Van Eyck and comes within an ace of exposing Giovanni Arnolfini as really Van Eyck himself. This kind of speculation gives you the flattering feeling of being on the frontiers of scholarship without having to do a lick of work.

Skira's latest edition to his curious series, "The Taste of Our Time," is *Rembrandt* by Otto Benesch with fifty-six color plates ($5.75). The smaller size of the books in this series makes for a greater intimacy—you can read them in bed—and in the present example this quality affects the text as well. The known events of the life are given briefly in an opening chapter; the rest of the book follows the career as a rhythmic process of struggle and achievement from masterpiece to masterpiece. It's all there, the evolution of technique, the relationships with other art and other artists, the analytical appreciation of individual works, but it all emerges as details in a personal, intellectual or spiritual biography. With this approach employed, it is too bad the Skira lushness precludes black and white, for Rembrandt's drawings and etchings are on the same level of greatness as the paintings and are at least as rewarding in their contacts with the personality of the artist.

*

Praeger also has in progress a series of art books in smaller format but, lacking Skira's sense of mission, he just calls it "a series of lavishly illustrated, authoritative, inexpensive monographs." The first, *Picasso*, came out a year ago and went a shade too far in publishing virtuosity. It tried to synchronize a color sequence, a black and white sequence and two separate texts, a life on the top of the pages and a critical appreciation along the bottom. This got pretty involved, but in the second volume of the series, *Klee*, by Gualtieri Di San Lazzaro

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($5.75) the trickiness is gone and the aim is achieved, a close integration of pictures and text.

*

An unqualified success by Praeger is *The Works of Pier Luigi Nervi* ($10). The contemporary Italian architect's works speak lucidly for themselves and there's no effort to interpose anybody's quivering sensitivity between them and the reader. There's a brief, illuminating statement of principle by Nervi, a brief "portrait" by Ernesto Rogers and the rest of the book is the buildings. They appear in photographs of models, progress photographs and photographs of completed work and a series of architectural drawings, sections, elevations and details unusually accessible to the non-technician. Nervi's domes, arches, intersecting arcs and cantilevers were many of them made possible by his own invention of ferro-cemento; it and they have a firm economic base in the scarcity of structural steel in Italy, but the results have gone far beyond a good substitute. The buildings sing with a light strength foreign to the skyscraper, however high.

Even a mile high. Frank Lloyd Wright's *A Testament,* (Horizon; $12.50) has as its climax a four page pull-out sketch of the Master's proposed one miler for Chicago. Nervi is a classical architect; Wright is an incurable romantic and, like many a romantic, is convinced that the proper study of mankind is himself. About half the book is text and the text is largely devoted to asserting that neither the architects of the turn of the century nor those of today are in it at all with Frank. The pictures give a complete retrospective of his work, a lot of which is still pretty impressive and a lot of which bears an uneasy relationship to the hanging gardens of Babylon or to MGM's vision of Shangri-La. There's a strong touch of the hambone in Frank Lloyd Wright. It pretty well dominates his prose.

*

Speaking of hambone, Salvador Dalí's Christmas book is *Dali On Modern Art, The cuckolds of antiquated modern art* (Dial; $5.00). The book is perhaps the most brilliant example of padding in existence. Its 156 pages are obtained as follows: the front half on white paper is English; the back half on green is French; even so these texts are printed on every other page, the alternate pages being given over mostly to variations on Dali's episcopal signature. Reduced thus to a very short book indeed, the text is still too long. Dali has one good line, on mobiles: "the least one can ask of a piece of sculpture is that it should not move." The rest of the text is the formless self-adoration of an aging adolescent.

*

Ben Shahn, on the other hand, is an artist of intellectual integrity. While it is the current fashion for artists to be tongue-tied, Shahn apparently feels that, as a human being, speech is as much his as the next man's and that, as a functioning intellect, he can examine and reach at conclusions in the field of art as least as well as the non-artist. *The Shape of Content* (Harvard; $4) is the six Charles Eliot Norton lectures Shahn delivered at the University. The book is the clearest, most forceful statement on art by an artist of our time that I have read.

*

Ben Shahn, His Graphic Art by James Thrall Soby (Braziller, $10.) offers more than a hundred full page drawings and eight colorplates. As with his writing Shahn draws because he has something to say or something to see. The flexible but firm line is never an end in itself. There is always the mixture of compassionate observation, humerous translation and direct social comment. Shahn's irony of line is more often sad than savage and the book is a wonderful collection. Soby's text is an affectionate biography and appreciation.

*

Our visual image of the Civil War is based largely on Winslow Homer and Matthew Brady. Oxford has broadened the view with a new edition of the etchings of Edwin Forbes. *A Civil War Artist At The Front* ($6.50) has 40 of Forbes' scenes with an introduction and informative notes by the military historian, William Forrest Dawson. Forbes was artist-correspondent for Leslie's Illustrated. At twenty-two he joined the Army of the Potomac and was with the troops from 1861 to the siege of Petersburg in 1864. He doesn't do major battles or important commanders but typical scenes in the life of the infantry soldier, who then as now spent more time just enduring than fighting.

*

Indian Art of Mexico & Central America (Knopf; $17.50) is the last book of the late Miguel Covarrubias. It continues the impressive survey begun in his book of three years ago, *The Eagle, the Jaguar, and the Serpent.* The former volume dealt exhaustively with our present knowledge of native art in Alaska, Canada and the United States. The pre-Columbian cultures south of the Rio Grande were much more highly developed. As scholar and artist who grew up in a violently revolutionary period of Mexican history, Covarrubias was uniquely qualified for the task here beautifully performed. There is a full treatment of the various cultures culminating in the Maya as well as the more familiar Toltecs, Mixtecs and Aztecs. Throughout the book Covarrubias combines the basic history and sociology with the fascinating account of the progress of anthropology in the area. Although manifestly a Maya sympathizer, he makes it clear that for cruelty, tyranny and all around bloodletting, the ultimate Spanish invaders could teach their victims nothing. The text is lavishly illustrated with both a large photographic album and a great number of drawings in color and black and white by the author.

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Freud in his Old Age

by David Bakan

FREUD once wrote that the world had experienced blows to its narcissism: the cosmological blow from Copernicus, the biological blow at the hands of Darwin, and the psychological blow from psychoanalysis. Each of these, from the vantage point of 1957, has had a paradoxical effect. In spite of the seeming abasement of man, each has, in its turn, increased man's power over the forces that govern him, and has thus served to enhance man's dignity.

The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud, Vol. 3: The last phase, 1919-1939, by Ernest Jones (Basic Books; $7.50).

Freud's absolute unfalteringness in the pursuit of truth as he found it clearly emerges from Jones' study. Freud did not hesitate to speak his mind no matter how seemingly bizarre, incredulous, or offensive his ideas might be. Freud is a major exponent of what we may call the Doctrine of the Painful Truth, with its associated faith in the emergence of good from the courage to face evil. A critical feature of the psychoanalysis which Freud created is the uncovering of the lies that one tells one's self; and on the larger social scale, the lies that commonly prevail in the world.

In this last volume, covering the last two decades of Freud's life, Jones is unmincing about telling, with ruthless scrupulosity, about all of the ugly dissensions, the humiliations, the unpleasant details of money transactions, and the details of each operation and the daily manipulations with respect to the cancer he had—down to telling us how Freud's dog moved away from him because of the stench of the cancer. Clearly, Jones is uncompromising of any squeamishness in the reader.

And yet, after reading the whole trilogy, one cannot help but feel that, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary, the work is a discrete one, that somehow Jones has been writing with "deferred obedience" to the Freud-image. In the first volume Jones had written that he did not think that Freud would have approved of the work. Although Jones has told us much that perhaps Freud would have disapproved, there is still something about the work which suggests that a great deal of discretion was involved. Some things are avowedly withheld. For example, Freud was co-author of a psychoanalytic study of Woodrow Wilson with the American Ambassador, W. C. Bullitt, still unpublished, which, Jones says, he is the only person to have read; and he tells nothing of its content.

But most important, in spite of all the wealth of detail in the three volumes, the genius of Freud is still a mystery. Jones, whose psychological astuteness has been demonstrated in his other writings, seems dense at times about unravelling the motivation of Freud. He uses the tools of psychoanalysis with great reserve upon the master himself. Rarely does he find in Freud the unseemly motivation that psychoanalysis characteristically discovers.

A few writers in the past have sensed and asserted that there was some relationship between Freud's having been Jewish and his creation of psychoanalysis. Freud, himself, had once written "nor is it perhaps entirely a matter of chance that the first advocate of psychoanalysis was a Jew." Jones, however, exploits every occasion to deny that there could be any relationship between Freud's Jewishness and psychoanalysis. And yet in this last volume, Jones clearly disqualifies himself on this question by showing his great naïveté about Judaism. For example, when Jones tries to tell us of Freud's essential dissociation from Judaism, he writes of Freud's father: "Jakob Freud was, it is true, fond of reading the Torah, a book of Jewish philosophy rather than of religion." This is, indeed, a very strange way to refer to the first five books of the Bible. Even more strange is to talk of "the Torah and other apocryphal literature."

The American reader will be very grateful for Jones' chapter on the matter of lay-analysis, psychoanalysis by a non-medically trained practitioner. The question of whether only physicians may conduct psychoanalytic therapy is an extremely critical one in connection with the organization of American mental health facilities. In 1926 Theodor Reik, who is now well known to American audiences (e.g. *Listening with the Third Ear*) and who was not a physician was the object of legal action for quackery. Freud intervened in his behalf and wrote his book, *The Question of Lay Analysis*, in which he clearly asserted that medical training was not necessary, and indeed might even have a bad effect, for the practice of psychoanalysis. In the year before he died, he was queried as to whether the rumor was true that he had changed his position on the question. To this he replied:

> I cannot imagine how that silly rumor of my having changed my views about the problem of Lay-Analysis may have originated. The fact is, I have never repudiated these views and I insist on them even more intensely than before, in the face of the obvious American tendency to turn psychoanalysis into a mere housemaid of psychiatry.

IT IS DIFFICULT to close this review without an expression of a scholar's gratitude to Ernest Jones for the monumental effort in this biography. This first-hand account will be a major source-book for many years to come. In spite of Freud's modesty about his personal life, psychoanalysis has become too important a force in the modern world for its originator to enjoy the privilege of privacy. To the degree to which Jones was able to overcome his "deferred obedience" he is to be congratulated. The paradox of all history is that the persons who know the facts intimately are at the same time those who are so involved with the events they describe, that disinterested objectivity is attenuated.

Notes on Contributors

REED WHITTEMORE teaches literature at Carleton College. MALCOLM COWLEY is currently travelling in Europe. BURTON RUBIN is at present completing a study of Marxist literary criticism. LESLIE A. FIEDLER is the author of *An End to Innocence*. VICTOR LANGE is professor of German at Princeton. DAVID BAKAN is a young American sociologist. CHARLES CURRAN is a British political commentator. JAMES T. FARRELL has recently published a baseball diary.

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Books in Brief

History of the English-Speaking Peoples, Volume 3, *The Age of Revolution* by Winston Churchill (Dodd-Mead; $6).

WHEN Winston Churchill made his speech to Congress in 1941, he said "if my father had been American and my mother British, instead of the other way round, I might have got here on my own." If he had, would he have been a Republican or a Democrat? The new volume of his History throws a great deal of light on that question.

For more than half the book is devoted to the American Revolution. Its causes, personalities and consequences are dissected in detail. Churchill's verdicts are penetrating, downright and occasionally devastating. He makes a careful appraisal of Washington ("almost alone his staunchness held the colonists to their united purpose"). He performs an autopsy on Hamilton ("he represents and symbolizes one aspect of American development, the successful, self-reliant business world, with its distrust of the collective common man"). He tears Aaron Burr to pieces ("he even sought a large bribe from the British Government"). But his hero is Jefferson ("he was the first political idealist among American statesmen, and the real founder of the American democratic tradition").

As well as a history, the book is a contribution to history. For Churchill scrutinizes his characters—who include Pitt, Burke, Mirabeau, Robespierre, Wellington, Talleyrand and Napoleon—with the level stare of a statesman who knows himself equal to any of them. His survey of America's founding fathers, and of the State that they created will interest their posterity as much as Mount Vernon or Independence Hall. It also deserves some attention from the Democratic National Committee.

CHARLES CURRAN

The Bridge at Remagen, by Ken Hechter, with a foreword by General S. L. A. Marshall (Ballantine; $5).

"I HAD a thirty calibre machine gun, and I ran over the bridge firing it from the hip just like Humphrey Bogart," Myron Plude, a thirty-five year old veteran of the last war recently told a *Chicago Sun-Times* reporter.

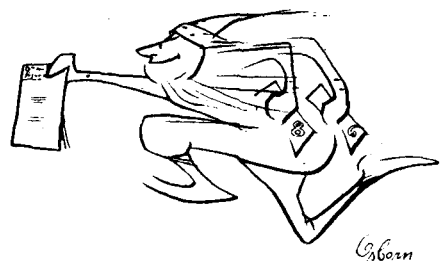
He was speaking of an action on March 7, 1945, when a small number of American soldiers captured the Ludendorf Bridge at Remagen which spanned the Rhine. For the first time since the Napoleonic era, an invading military force had crossed Germany's famous river which is more known to the legends of love than the annals of war. General Eisenhower has stated that this success "was completely unforeseen." What Plude and his comrades did on that March afternoon meant that victory was "just around the corner."

The capture of the Bridge at Remagen was the result, not only of heroism but also of unbelievable good fortune. It shortened the war, saved many lives and led to the dismissal of Field Marshal von Rundstedt who had then been commanding the German armies in the West. Myron Plude, now a salesman and expediter for a printing company in Chicago was "shooting . . . like Humphrey Bogart." Others of the small unit of American infantrymen, engineers and tank soldiers gave their recollections of that afternoon to Ken Hechter, official combat historian. The recollections of the soldiers are but one of the reasons why this book is, as General Matthew B. Ridgeway stated, "a great contribution to military history."

Hechter's book tells the story of Remagen from many standpoints, that of the American and German staffs, the American soldiers, the defending German forces, the civilians of the area and even of Hitler. The result is an account of a battle which we can understand and visualize clearly. We know the soldiers. Running across that bridge and "shooting from the hip like Humphrey Bogart," doing their duty, they little knew how much their heroism was accomplishing. As Hechter observes, theirs was "a walk on" part. How Tolstoy would have relished this story.

Hechter is a man of ability. He is no run-of-the-mill researcher. He understands what he investigates in terms of its ramifications. And he can write. In 238 pages, he tells a complete military story, and even reveals the subsequent fate of many who were involved that day at Remagen, Germans as well as Americans. *The Bridge at Remagen* is a story as well as an unusual popular work on military history.

JAMES T. FARRELL



This Christmas give The New Republic

Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

our old faith" gives us "the sense of being recharged and uplifted" in two of the essays: those on Garrison and Emerson. For the rest of Chapman Mr. Kazin seems to have little fondness. Asserting that Chapman is "significant not for what he wrote but for what he was," Mr. Kazin directs his criticism not at the writings but at the man—a man he calls a snob, a poser, a show-off, and a complacent prig. Space limitations prevent my offering here evidence to refute these charges against a writer Mr. Kazin admits is "so baffling." Mr. Kazin's censure, however, is weakened by his reliance on partial truths and by his striking omissions.

He makes no distinction between the earlier and the later Chapman, between the agitator-critic of the progressive era and the pathological creature who was maddened by World War I. It is the post-1914 Chapman whose world-outlook is shattered, who loses his bearings in the America of the twenties, who falls for racism and the conspiracy theory of history. Before then, Chapman had provided us with the key to an epoch and analyzed with a brilliancy and cogency not yet surpassed the destructive force of American commercialism. And after then, he can still stab us awake to the realities of humane letters, of education, and of the life of the spirit.

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That Chapman marred his record by war-madness, racism, and febrile anti-Romanism is true and deserves hearty condemnation. But to declare—as does Mr. Kazin—that his causes were "always incidental and incoherent" is to say that commercialism is nothing but a beneficent force in American culture, that the American intellectual enjoys a fruitful and healthy relation to his compatriots, that our schools are providing the best sort of education for everybody, that there is no modern use for the humanities, that the problem of America's "usable past" is solved, that individualism need not even be reconsidered, that the liberally educated person is and should be a superfluity, that scientism never poses a threat to humane values in scholarship and in life, and that the religion of the letter imports more than that of the spirit. For these were Chapman's life-long causes.

As to Mr. Kazin's omissions: he never hints at Chapman's genius as a letter-writer, at his superb prose style, at his wit and humor, at his religious wisdom, at his decisive influence on Herbert Croly, the first editor of *The New Republic*, at his theory of the unconscious, at his pervasive inspiration to Robert M. Hutchins, at his effect on American penology, etc.

As a literary critic Chapman always amused by pretensions to say the definitive and final word about any author. Perhaps that word has not yet been said about him—even by Mr. Kazin.

RICHARD B. HOVEY

Westminster, Maryland

. . . Mr. Kazin replies:

SIRS:

MY LITTLE ESSAY on Chapman indicated sufficiently, I think, how much I admire his moral imagination, his intelligence, his enormous personal courage. So many people writing about Chapman salute these virtues as if this were the whole story about him, as if Chapman's relative 'failure" were entirely the fault of our materialistic society. I tried to suggest that it may not be enough to be the victim of such a society, and that, in any event, something of Chapman's fate may be attributed to a) his idea that history is a moral constant and has always the same issue —an illusion which weakened, I think, his ability to come to grips with his immediate surroundings; b) his self-indulgence as a gentleman-scholar, an amateur, a "religious" main his own circle.

When I said that Chapman was "significant not for what he wrote but for what he was," I meant that Chapman's continuing reputation can only be attributed to what he represented in the life of his time (as at Cottesville). This is obvious, since he is little read. But in any event, this is not a slap at Chapman's writing but a statement of the obvious fact that his writing is not as well known as he is.

Dr. Hovey unnecessarily explains that American commercialism is destructive. The point I tried to make about Chapman himself is that he identified himself so strongly with the pre-Civil War transcendentalists an idealists that he not merely (and wrongly) supposed that every good person in *their* time had to share the same values (see his misinterpretation of Lincoln in the Garrison essay), but that in his own time one could retain the same values by combatting the same enemy loosely called the business interest. The left-over transcendentalism is what I mean by the genteel tradition, and it seems to me the tragedy of many American writers in the modern age. It a tragedy which I couldn't feel myself sympathetically, but I sometimes get tired of the American tragedy and would like to see more American hope and creativity from the sensitive few. I do think that the good American writers of Chapman's generation were not always self-indulgent, that they didn't always carry on the invocation of their own voice and "passion" quite as much as Chapman did.

One final word on Chapman the "pathological creature" I count myself an admiring and sympathetic reader of Chapman, but it is obvious to me, if not to Dr. Hovey, that there was *always* a *streak* of the "pathological" in him (as in the hand-burning incident), and that the excessive sense of his own "passion" and "religiousness" is a symptom of his over-charged personality. Many first-rate men of Chapman's generation were shocked by World War I without losing their "bearings," but what shocked them was exactly the mass slaughter and evidence of the duplicity of the Allies—rather different from Chapman's hysterical Anglomania and de-virtual celebration of his son's death. The point I tried to make generally, indeed, was that Chapman was not strong in his "bearings," that he had little historical insight as to what was happening immediately before him. This, alas, was as true in the 1890's as it was in 1914 and 1925.

Let me say in closing that I think Chapman an utterly remarkable and often beautiful figure, and that I prize him for himself alone, not because he may have influenced Robert M. Hutchins, etc. Dr. Hovey's last paragraph is quite unworthy of him. I have never confused myself with God; but as a critic, I do, occasionally, try to say something new. Dr. Hovey should take my effort not as an insult to the figure on whom he has worked so long, but as an expression of Chapman's continuing power to excite.

ALFRED KAZIN

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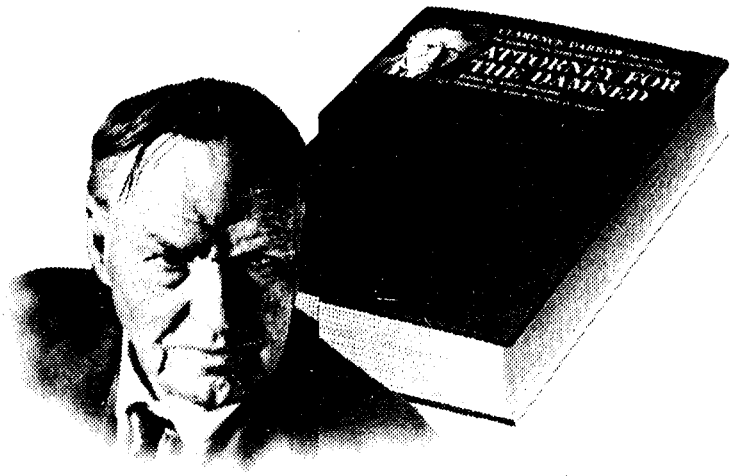

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